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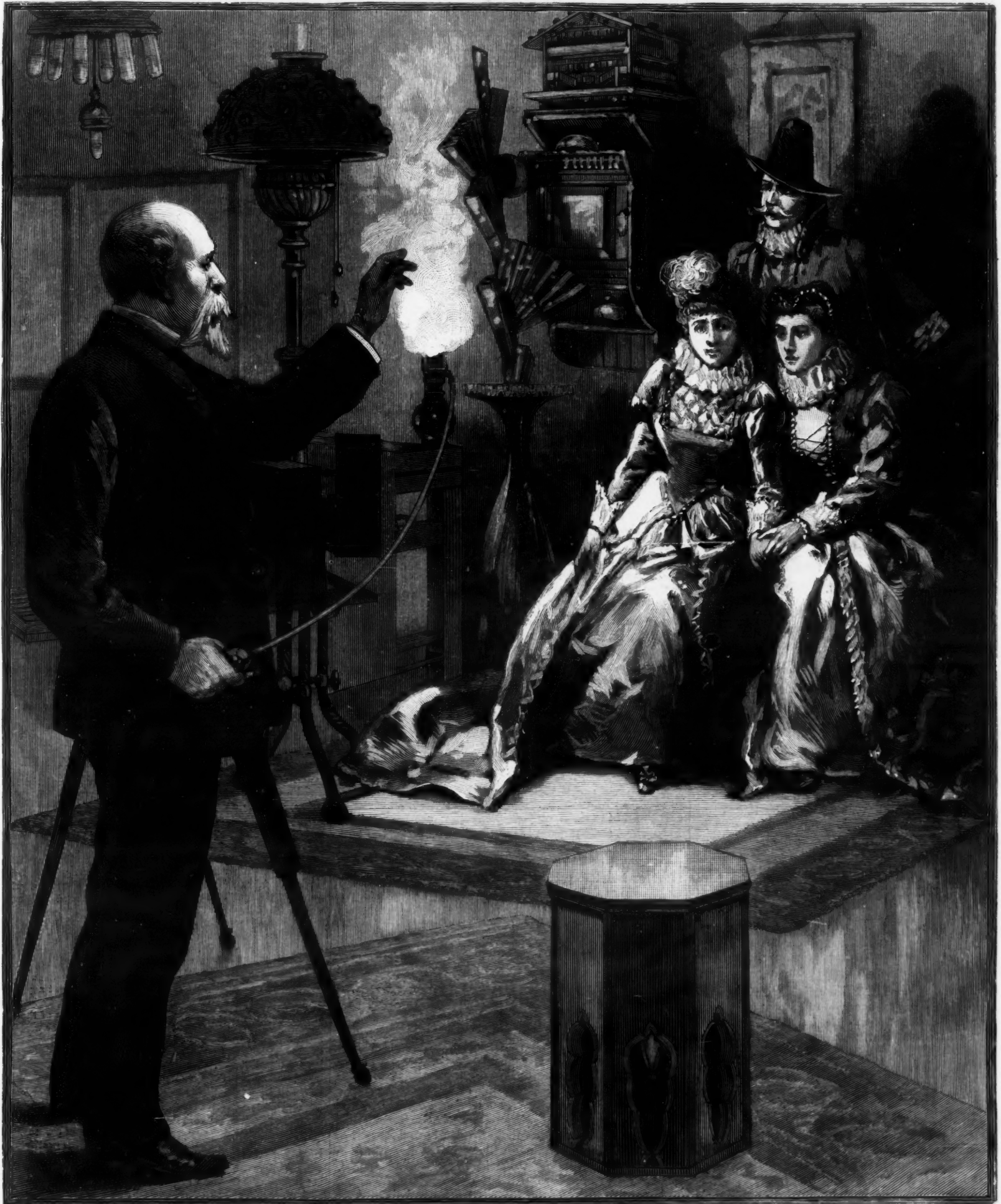


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DEVELOPMENTS OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY.—TAKING A PICTURE OF A GROUP OF MASQUERADERS, AT A FIFTH AVENUE MANSION, BY MEANS OF THE FLASH LIGHT.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

THE FEDERATIVE PRINCIPLE.

IN this hundredth year of our national life, public attention is called in definite ways to the triumph of the Federative principle of government. During the last week the two Houses of Congress, on a prescribed day, and by the simple forms provided by law, declared that a new President had been chosen. They did not "proclaim" him with the pomp and circumstance which surround the coronation of emperors and kings. They simply announced that in orderly methods, and by processes ordained by law, the choice of sixty millions of people, inhabiting thirty-eight States, embracing a territory of over three millions of square miles, had been made. In two weeks more the present Administration will pass quietly away, and the new one will begin its duties, with simple ceremonies, impressive chiefly for the popular enthusiasm they will call forth. Not a whisper of discontent is heard, and not the slightest jar will disturb the working of the vast machinery. A citizen of a State which was a wilderness when the Government was formed will quietly take the place which Washington assumed a century ago, and the Federal system will move on in substantially the same lines then laid down. And in a few weeks after his inauguration this twenty-second successor of Washington will come to New York, and stand upon the spot where the first President of the United States began to administer the Federal system in America, and will preside over the rejoicings of the people in its success.

This, then, will be an interesting year, not only to us to whom the triumph of the Federative principle is so vital, but to thoughtful observers of the workings of civilized government everywhere. With the growth of populations, the extension of States, and the vast development of the colonies of great European Powers, our system is becoming more and more interesting and instructive. Federation, in all its possible forms, is a favorite subject of discussion by foreign writers and statesmen, and the results of this first century of our system are always used for example or warning. Especially by England with her colonies, and the German Empire with its many political divisions, now compacted under a central power, is our experiment observed with interest. They may well, for the sake of their own future, inquire what success we have shown in forming a government which is in itself a commonwealth as well as a union of commonwealths, claiming obedience from all citizens, and yet leaving them to administer their own local affairs.

One subject of congratulation for our centennial celebration in April will be the altered tone of other nations as to the merits of our system, and the force of our example on the civilized world. This changed tone is shown in a striking manner by the recent book of Professor Bryce, which has been received with extraordinary praise on both sides of the Atlantic. His chapters on our Federal system are remarkably lucid and fair, and his criticisms are very flattering. He declares that the characteristic merit of the American Constitution lies in the method by which we have solved the problem of keeping the centrifugal and centripetal forces in equilibrium, so that neither the planet States shall fly off into space, nor the sun of the Central Government draw them into its consuming fires. He apologizes for this American metaphor, and then adds one of his own, more suited to his commercial country, that a nation with a Federal system like ours is like a ship built with water-tight compartments; when a leak is sprung, the cargo stowed in one may be damaged, but the ship will float.

In our approaching celebration of the success of the Federative principle in the government of this country, we may take a just pride in asserting that both of these metaphors are appropriate. Our system moves forward in the orbit planned by its founders. Our Ship of State not only floats, but sails on proudly, notwithstanding the terrible leak made by civil war, and our cargo is sound and full to overflowing. We have made long strides since De Tocqueville explained Democracy in America to European readers. We can take much more satisfaction in the exposition of our Federal system given to the world by the distinguished member for Aberdeen so opportunely in advance of our commemoration of its origin, to be made at the close of the century.

AN EXTRA SESSION INEVITABLE.

NO legislation, as we have hitherto maintained, will be perfected during the present session of Congress in relation to the tariff. So long as the Senate and the House of Representatives remain in political antagonism the hope must be abandoned that any satisfactory revenue reform will be accomplished.

To await the regular session of the next Congress in December will carry the completion of any tariff legislation into February or March, or later, in 1890, so that no new tariff Act could well take effect before the opening of

early Summer of next year. Can the reduction of the surplus revenue in the Treasury be safely postponed for a whole year? Should the lessening of taxes upon domestic products, like tobacco, and upon imported necessities of life, such as sugar, be put off for twelve months or longer? And can the Republican party, with the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government under its control, afford to remain passive during the first year of President Harrison's Administration with respect to a question that more vitally affects the material interests of the country than any other?

These three important inquiries must be answered with an emphatic negative. The piling up of a useless cash surplus is an unbusiness-like and, to the tax-payers, an unjust proceeding. Diminishing home productions through needless taxation and enhancing the cost of common necessities through needless exactions are indefensible acts, whether of omission or commission.

But as political considerations have most weight in matters of legislation, the party that is just coming into power must be reminded that a majority of but three or four in the Lower House is a dangerously narrow margin upon which to delay the organization of that House for nine months. Two or three deaths, or an equal number of party desertions, or two or three assassinations, might so equalize matters politically as to prevent the Republican organization of the House of Representatives in December. Motives and considerations, therefore, not only of national interest, but of party expediency, seem to demand an extra session of Congress as a means to the settlement of agitating tariff questions and the quieting of disturbing political controversies. With the organization of the new House under such a safe and able presiding officer as McKinley of Ohio, or Reed of Maine, public confidence would be quickened and a revival of business activity would everywhere follow. There is nothing so injurious and depressing to trade and business as uncertainty. The Senate Tariff Bill, therefore, with some needed amendments, should be passed in March or April, and go into effect not later than the first day of July. It is eminently proper that the operation of such an important measure should begin with the fiscal year.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

IT is a common saying that revolutions, political and otherwise, work from the bottom upwards; but beyond the Pacific this general law seems to be reversed, and in Japan we have the spectacle of one of the most sweeping revolutions of modern times accomplished, not through pressure exerted by the masses upon the classes—upon the rulers of the empire—but set in motion by the latter of their own free will, and acting on their own initiative. Such a phenomenon is certainly without precedent in governmental development in the past, and must be admitted to be decidedly *sui generis*.

On the 10th of February the Mikado proclaimed in person the new Japanese Constitution promised by the Imperial rescript of 1881, the *interim* having been occupied in preparing for the change and in a careful investigation by the Government of the constitutions of other countries. Count Ito, the Prime Minister, was ordered to go forth on a mission of inquiry, and on his return, in 1884, it was decided that the new charter of civil rights should be modeled after the Constitution of Germany. Under the new system there will be a House of Peers, the members of which are to be partly hereditary, partly elective, and partly nominated by the Mikado, and a House of Commons of three hundred members. The right of suffrage is given to all men of the age of twenty-five years and over who pay taxes to the amount of twenty-five dollars yearly. In the election of members of the city and prefectural assemblies that determine the local tax-rates, the voting age is twenty years and the land-tax limit about five dollars. Liberty of religion, freedom of speech and the right of public meeting are established. Parliament shall possess legislative functions and the control of the finances, under limitations. Judges cannot be removed except by special legislation. The Government as heretofore constituted consisted of an Emperor, or Mikado, a Cabinet of ten persons presided over by a Minister President, a Senate of about seventy selected from among those who had rendered extraordinary service to the Government, a Council of State, and a Board of "Court Councillors." To these were last year added a Privy Council of twelve, who were officially designated as "the Emperor's highest resort of counsel." The Senate was established in 1875, and the Council of State in 1881. Thus within a quarter of a century a constitutional form of government has been gradually developed and finally established, in place of an absolute monarchy, and that, too, purely from a conviction of the head of that monarchy that such a change, while limiting the scope and essentially changing the nature of his own powers, would be conducive to the welfare of his subjects. Whether the latter yet appreciate the sacrifices that their ruler has made for them is more than doubtful; but they are teachable and imitative, and will soon be sufficiently educated to employ their new liberties to the best advantage.

The cause of this remarkable overturning of the old order of things in one of the most interesting countries of Asia is, no doubt, the free manner in which Japanese of the upper classes have of late years mixed with the nations of the West—traveled, studied and observed. For more than a decade the Japanese students in the

University of London have taken the highest rank for scholarship, and during the past two decades the work of educating the aristocracy of that country in Europe and America has been going steadily on. And we now see the fruits of this exile for educational purposes from their native land.

But besides these administrative reforms, Japan is marching rapidly forward in the path of material prosperity. From a census just completed, we learn that her population is 38,000,000, or about that of France. Her territory, although nowhere very far distant from the sea-coast, already has an extensive railroad system, and newspapers, colleges, schools, and other indications of an advanced civilization, are multiplying daily. With such results achieved in less than thirty years of a virtually new national existence, it is safe to predict that Japan is destined to become a powerful factor in working out the destinies of the far East.

A CONTEST OF HUMORISTS.

THERE have been "international contests" of almost every description, from yacht-races to prize-fights, but an opportunity still remains for an international contest of humorists. The exact method of regulating the contest would be a matter for future consideration. Perhaps Mark Twain and F. C. Burnand might be shut up together and compelled to tell jokes to each other until one became speechless from exhaustion. Or the contestants might be set to producing the greatest number of "merry jests" in a given time; or subjects might be given to them and their answers rated, like college-examination papers. We do not insist upon any method, but merely furnish the idea, which may be acted upon by any enterprising person.

Indeed, it seems that something of the kind will be the natural outcome of the controversy over national humorists which has engaged Messrs. Howells and Andrew Lang. Mr. Howells recently permitted himself to ask whether England had produced a single humorist, and he mentioned as shining examples of American humor Mark Twain, Lowell, John Phenix, "Uncle Remus," Bret Harte, Josh Billings, G. T. Lanigan, Robert J. Burdette, and others. Mr. Lang has rushed to the rescue of British humor. He assumes that Mr. Howells may have been too much occupied with Tolstoi to read Shakespeare, and he asks whether Artemus Ward's kangaroo was really equal to Shakespeare's Falstaff. Mr. Lang offers to back Chaucer against Josh Billings, and Robert Burns against "Uncle Remus"—a comparison, however, which is hardly just, since neither Chaucer nor Burns is to be considered, first of all, as a humorist. Sydney Smith is cited as certainly no less witty than Charles Dudley Warner, and Mr. Lang adds: "The Danbury News man may be more funny than Thomas Hood, but English readers have not a sufficient acquaintance with the former to judge." He trusts that the Danbury man "can beat Sam Veller and Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Pecksniff and Mr. Squeers with his fascinating family." For Bret Harte Mr. Lang professes a sincere admiration, but he thinks Thackeray a humorist whom posterity will not willingly let die, and he considers that Oscar Wilde's "Decay of Lying" may fairly be set against Mr. Aldrich. Mark Twain, it is true, may be accounted unique in his way; but it is suggested that Jonathan Swift and Dr. Oliver Goldsmith and Laurence Sterne were possibly as funny as any writers for American comic papers. Mr. Lang expresses surprise that Oliver Wendell Holmes was omitted from Mr. Howells's list, but Mr. Howells possibly did not intend to exhaust his store of illustrations. Mr. Lang appears to have the better of the controversy, and yet it is evident that he has been much influenced by admiration of the classics as classics. There are many people who find Dickens less amusing than he seemed in youth; and even Swift and Sterne are not always regarded as "comic" writers.

Perhaps Mr. Howells will reply, and there will be a battle royal. But it will be hard to decide the controversy, for that which moves John Smith to laughter may seem very stupid to William Jones. The best way is to have a tournament of humorists. Let us match the living funny men two and two, and then pit the survivors against each other, rigidly excluding "Joe Millers" and the antiquated jests concerning mothers-in-law and cooking-stoves. We say survivors, because the contest would be likely to exhaust many competitors. But perhaps their conditions, after all, would be better than that of the judges.

"HONORABLE WOMEN NOT A FEW."

THE report recently submitted to the Secretary of the Interior by the Commissioner of Labor, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, deals exclusively with a class which is the product of the present age. Forty years ago there were no "working-women," as we at present understand the title. Of the seven avocations then open to women, not more than one or two are included among the 342 distinct industries which now occupy the energies of women of this class. Neither domestic servants, teachers, nor such semi-professional people as telegraphers, stenographers and type-writers, who are also the product of the present age, are classed as "working-women" in Mr. Wright's report.

The statistics which this report presents are interesting, as well-collated statistics always are; but suggestive as they are from an economic point of view, their moral teachings are even more important. We learn from the report that the working-women of our great cities are practically girls whose average age is twenty-two years and seven months, the greatest number at any one time being eighteen years old. Only about one in twenty is married, and one in sixteen widowed. The great majority of these girls, with their wages—which in this city average \$5.85 per week, and in no city average more than \$6.91—not only support themselves, but contribute largely to the support of their parents and younger brothers and sisters. Twenty-nine out of thirty of them live at home, and more than half of them, in addition to the arduous toil by which they earn their weekly wage, assist in the house-work of their homes. Of their character Mr. Wright says: "One need not hesitate in asserting that the working-women of this country are as honest and as virtuous as any other class of our citizens."

The deep significance of this assertion, and the gratifying testimony which it bears to the honor of this large class of women, can but be appreciated when one considers what are the home influences to which they are subjected, and contrasts the record with that of another class of self-supporting women, whose surroundings seem to be far more favorable. These girls have lived all their lives in crowded tenement-houses, where privacy is a thing impossible; among men and women of deep ignorance, and within sight and knowledge of vice of all kinds, with no refining influences—nothing to call out their higher nature, and everything



to appeal to what is lowest in them; and yet these girls maintain their integrity and lead virtuous and honorable lives.

On the other hand, it is lamentably true that domestic service, which brings a girl into a comfortable home, surrounds her with refining influences and affords her ample remuneration, does not strengthen her moral nature. Statistics of penal and reformatory institutions for women, both in England and America, show that more than half—in the London Workhouse nine-tenths—of their inmates are from this class. How can this remarkable anomaly be explained?

It would appear that its explanation must be found in the very fact which would seem to be most inimical to the virtue of such young women—the fact that the so-called “working-women” live at home, that they work for their home people, and for them practice a self-denial most painful. Self-denial, enforced if not voluntary, is also the rule of life in the sphere in which they move. The domestic servant, on the contrary, lives in the midst of luxury which she can never hope honorably to share. Her ample wages are a temptation and an opportunity to imitate this luxury, at least in the item of dress, and no adequate motive for thrift or self-denial presents itself to her. Her life, as far as she is a free agent, is one of self-indulgence—that of the working-woman, voluntarily or involuntarily, is one of self-denial.

We give small pity to the overworked, underpaid needle-woman or shop-girl, because, forsooth, her pride forbids her to accept a servant's place. If she knew all that statistics have taught us of the moral aspect of the question, would it be pride alone which would deter her?

#### ON THE ISTHMUS.

THE Panama Canal has finally collapsed, in the beginning of the year appointed by M. de Lesseps for his triumphal passage, with his family, in the first vessel to make the voyage from the Caribbean to the Pacific. The ruin of the great enterprise had been so long impending, that when it came men had neither surprise nor emotion to waste, and the blow spent itself, so far as the general public was concerned, in empty air. The small shareholders, indeed, have felt, and will long feel, their loss; but the strain on the financial condition of France proved to be, like many another expected calamity, a mere bugbear.

Sympathy, so freely expressed for M. de Lesseps in the earlier days of trouble, has cooled more and more as the conviction forced itself upon men that the great projector and his friends had taken good care of themselves by investments in the stock of the company at proper moments, and by prudent operations on the Bourse. Lesseps has nothing like poverty to dread. His loss—and it is a real one—is his renown. The blow to his reputation is very severe, for he loses not only the great prize aimed at, but a great part of the fame required at Suez. If he had never made the second attempt, no man would have questioned his title to the glory of the first success. Now it is openly said that in Egypt he was but the agent of Louis Napoleon, to whom really belongs the honor of the achievement. This is not only unfair, it is for the most part false; but it has a color of truth, and it affects the general estimate of Lesseps. Considering his advanced age and the large space he has filled in the public eye, his position to-day has a strong element of pathos in it, for his career is closed, and there will always attach to his name something of a dubious character.

It may be taken for granted that his failure disposes of the Panama Canal. Notwithstanding the rumors of a new organization and a Government support, it is not to be believed that capital can be found to take up the relinquished task, which has broken down, after all, from natural causes rather than from maladministration, great as this undoubtedly was. A canal may be cut through Nicaragua, or by way of the Atrato, but Lesseps has proved to demonstration that by his route it will not be made. The circumstances which enabled him to find 2,000,000,000 francs for a hopeless undertaking will not be repeated. The prestige of an immense success enabled him to draw upon the resources of an enthusiastic people. The people are there with undrained resources, but no other man can renew the miracle of 1880. The loss is great in every way, but it is not without a moral, like the loss in a great war, which it most resembles. Nature will repair the damage on the Isthmus as she obliterates the horrors and the signs of battle; but she will not give back the dead nor cheer the desolate homes.

#### A MORAL FOR IRISHMEN.

THE moral of the Le Caron chapter in current Irish history is so obvious, that it can be seen and appreciated by all Irishmen who are not willfully blind. Freedom for Ireland cannot be won by secret societies. Even though such societies could keep their secrets from the enemy, they could never organize a force sufficient to cope with the resources of the British Empire. To make Ireland a nation in the sense of total severance from England is an object that cannot be achieved so long as the latter has a man to fight or a ship to put on the sea. While England exists as a military Power, there can never be an independent Irish republic.

But assuming that the purpose of the Fenian movement could be effected by secret methods, it is manifest that secrecy is a condition impossible of realization. The British Government has been able to get at the “secrets” of every Irish revolutionary society that has existed since the struggle between England and Ireland began. This is not to be wondered at. There will always be men capable of betraying any cause, no matter how sacred, and it always has been, and always must be, impossible to keep such men out of secret movements while there is money to be had for giving away the secret. That there are other Le Carons in the Fenian Brotherhood of America can hardly be doubted. It is evident, therefore, that the programme of the organization is an impossibility, and there is no good reason why it should be persevered in.

Mr. Parnell's programme is the right one for Irishmen to work for. It has the approval of the vast bulk of Irishmen in Ireland, and they are the best judges as to what their country needs. It has the sympathy and support of the friends of justice throughout the world. It is a practicable programme. It can be accomplished without violence, without secrecy, without resorting to methods which would leave it and its leaders at the mercy of scoundrels like Le Caron.

#### RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

AMERICAN Episcopalians will share the interest of their English brethren in the trial of the Right Rev. Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, for Ritualistic practices such as using altar-lights, a mixed chalice, the eastward position, singing the *Agnus Dei*, making the sign of the cross during the benediction, cleansing the paten and chalice, and drinking the wine and water before the congregation. All this, which is habitual with English Ritualists, has been declared illegal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The prosecution is promoted by the Church Association, and the Archbishop having failed

to effect a reconciliation, has been compelled to try the case, although he himself when Bishop of Truro used the same ritual. Bishop King, formerly Divinity Professor at Oxford, is a man universally respected for piety and learning, but he has chosen to represent the Papistical view, and stands for those who would Romanize the Church of England. The trial is regarded as a test case, and if Bishop King is condemned, a Ritualistic secession is spoken of. This, however, is said to be unlikely, but it is declared that condemnation would hasten disestablishment. To the outside world it must appear that the Ritualistic insistence upon forms and ceremonies is a relic of mediævalism. It is hundred of years behind modern thought, and at variance with the tendency of the times. Nothing is more clearly marked than the disposition of thinking men to lay less stress upon forms, and to emphasize only the essential principles of Christian belief. There is a general broad-church or church-union movement at present, and the arbitrary barriers between denominations are no longer regarded as impassable. Even Presbyterian clergymen appear in gowns, and their Episcopalian brethren exchange pulpits, and no harm is done. If Christianity is to be a vital force, Christians must be able to meet on common ground. Sectarianism in itself is bad enough, but rigid insistence upon trifling forms and ceremonies is little short of antiquated bigotry.

#### JOBBERY AT ALBANY.

IF the true history of the Capitol at Albany is ever written, it will reveal a series of jobs for which a parallel is not to be found. The Capitol at Washington, from 1793 to 1878, including repairs, furnishings and alterations, cost less than \$13,000,000. The Patent-office cost nearly as much, including rebuilding after a disastrous fire. The Treasury, a much more expensive design than the Capitol, cost \$7,000,000. The Palace of Justice at Brussels, the largest known building in the world, covering 270,000 square feet, or twice the area of the Capitol, cost \$10,000,000, including sculptured and polished marble and a marble tower 400 feet high. Yet the Capitol at Albany has cost \$18,000,000 up to the present time, and it is not completed. In other words, this is the most costly building of modern times.

The reasons for this costliness are indicated by the recent revelations regarding the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber. This ceiling, it was understood, was to be replaced by oak paneling, but investigation showed that *papier-maché* had taken the place of oak. Then it was said that permission to use *papier-maché* had been interpolated in the original contract, after which the contract suddenly disappeared. The actual figures submitted as the cost are sufficiently curious. The area of the ceiling is about 8,075 square feet. It is made of iron girders with oak veneering, and the spaces between have been filled with *papier-maché*. The amount expended is the modest sum of \$270,000. Although the ceiling is not of wood, vouchers have been submitted for 700,000 feet of lumber, enough to fill the whole Assembly Chamber from floor to ceiling. Over \$30,000 has been paid for wood for a ceiling made of *papier-maché*. It appears, too, that nearly \$30,000 worth of brick was used for this wonderful ceiling, and to lay them cost a dollar a brick. No less than 1,685 barrels of cement have been charged for, which alone would have completely filled the Chamber.

No more astonishing performance characterized the palmist days of the Tweed Ring. It appears that the committee on the ceiling did not meet after the contract was awarded, and no one took the trouble to visit the work. The substitution of plaster of Paris for quartered oak meant in itself a profit of \$100,000. Members of the committee declare that they never knew of permission being given to make this exchange, or to intrust the matter to the discretion of the Superintendent of Public Buildings, who was placed in charge of the work, and received extra compensation, which is forbidden by the Constitution. The whole business has a very bad look as regards superintendent, committee and contractor, and it also appears that various Assemblymen may be implicated. Assemblyman Martin, of the Committee on Appropriations, declares positively that an attempt was made to bribe him to make a favorable report. It is to be hoped that the investigation now in progress will be made thorough and unsparing, and that the persons actually guilty of participation in the swindle will be exposed and brought to deserved punishment.

THE significance of the Boulanger victory in the election of January 27th became apparent to all when the vote was taken in the Chamber, on the 14th of February, on the Government proposition for the revision of the Constitution. M. Floquet made only the broad proposition, and he had but a few minutes before secured a strong majority on the question of an adjournment for a week. Nevertheless, when Count de Douville-Maillefeu, a member of the Right, moved the indefinite postponement of the debate, the motion was carried at once by a vote of 307 to 218. M. Floquet and his colleagues immediately announced their resignation. The President will succeed in forming a new Ministry, but the revision of the Constitution must be submitted to the people. This is the real meaning of the Government defeat, and it implies, of course, the sympathy of the nation with the Boulanger programme, although this has as yet to be made known in detail.

POSSIBLY the many public comments upon the ridiculous inefficiency of the Signal Service have added a touch of bitterness to General Greely's report. His frank condemnation of his subordinates is certainly remarkable. He says that the physical and mental competency of eleven out of sixteen lieutenants of the Signal Service Corps has been impugned by official action and report. It is not surprising that General Greely recommends a complete reorganization. Yet these officials have served for many years, the youngest twice as long as General Greely himself, and it is generally understood that they have been promoted for efficiency. Under General Myer, founder of the Service, the work was well done, and the public was satisfied under Hazen's administration, although politics gained a hold upon the Bureau. Whether or not politics have had anything to do with the present inefficiency it is difficult to say. But General Greely's complaints regarding system and subordinates are very sweeping. An investigation of the whole Service would do no harm.

THERE is to be another season of German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera-house next Winter, and music-lovers have good reason to rejoice thereat. When the Wagner *furor* began, much was said of the wholly unreasonable and unreal character of Italian opera, with its long recitations, its solos introduced without logical connection, and its wholly artificial construction. In German opera it was pointed out that there is a distinct dramatic *motif*; the words and music both express ideas and harmonize with the action, and there is a logical consistency. But what becomes of this harmony and consistency when nine-tenths of the audience are unable to understand the words? Now, New York is a city of English-speaking people, and English-speaking people support the

opera. Most of the German citizens speak English as well as German. Why, therefore, is it necessary that opera, even when not of German origin, should be sung in German? It might be added that the leading singers in no less than five European capitals at present are Americans, yet it seems necessary for us to have German singers as well as German opera. Perhaps if the national method of singing in English to English-speaking people were adopted, opera might become a healthy growth, instead of remaining an exotic.

It seems to be acknowledged that the cashier of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad recently made away with about \$10,000, without any special reason or excuse. We add this qualification, although it would be hard to imagine a valid reason for robbery, because this embezzler has been allowed to go entirely unpunished. A company had guaranteed his bond wholly or in part, and the railroad is not likely to suffer. It is possible that the guarantee company is to be reimbursed by the defaulter or his friends, and is therefore satisfied to connive at a failure of justice. Thus an interesting example is set before cashiers and other handlers of money, whose needs may exceed their incomes. If crime is to go unpunished, it will not be necessary to fly to Canada, and thus defaulters will be able to make a considerable saving. One alarming feature of this performance is the apparent inability of the railroad company to understand that it is under any obligations to the law or the community. The question of duty or responsibility appears never to have been raised. So long as the money was returned, the law-breaking counted for nothing. It is hard to see what definite protection is left, with this *laissez faire* course as a precedent.

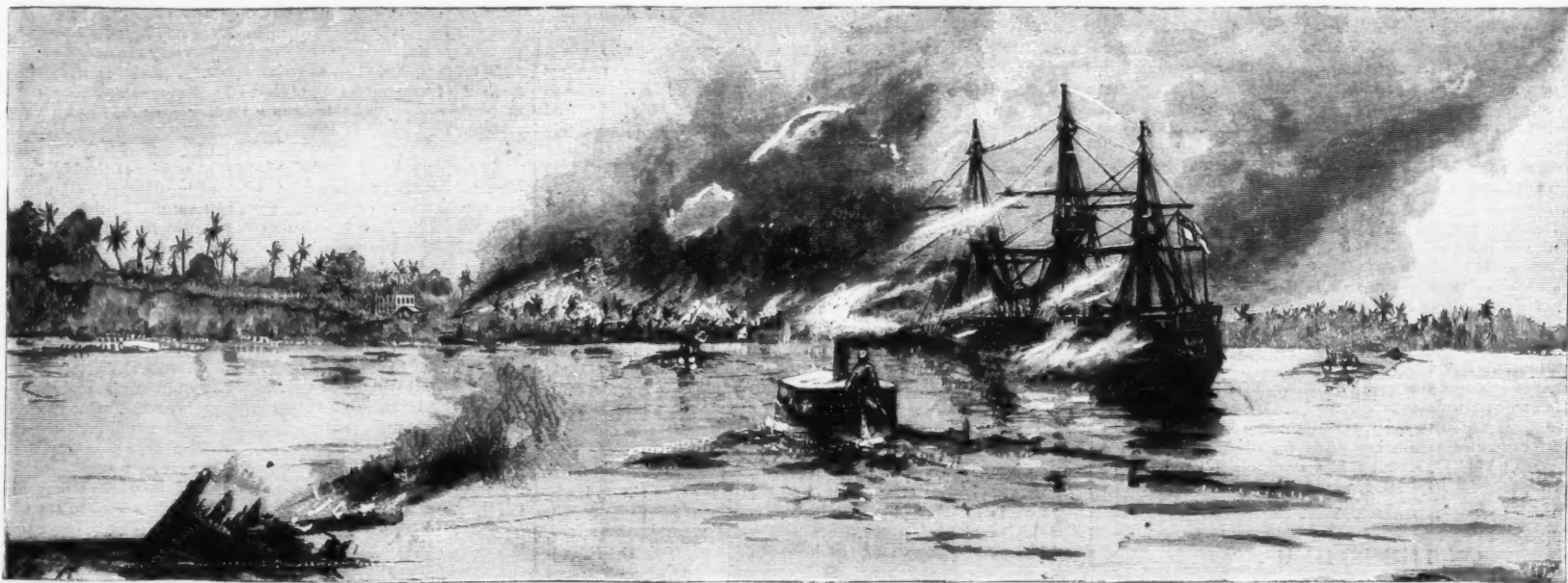
THAT such a performance as the “milling” match reported to have come off last week at North Judson, Ind., between two ruffians named Myer and McAniff, should be permitted in this country is not creditable to our American civilization. The accounts of the affair, as given in some of the papers with all the brutal details of the sixty-four “rounds,” must have been read with feelings of disgust and indignation by every decent-minded person who took the trouble to read them at all. Where were the officers of the law while the revolting exhibition was in progress? We are told that one of them—the town marshal, or sheriff—was present. How he discharged his duty, if duty he had to discharge, we learn by the following extract from the report: “He [the marshal] received \$200 before the battle began—then later he stopped the fight because he wanted more. That was in the twenty-sixth round, and he was ‘satisfied’ again. Two rounds later he wanted more, and it was only after he had been forcibly ejected from the opera-house that his third demand was granted.” We learn further that there was a justice of the peace present, and that he also had to be “satisfied.” “He came into the hall,” the report says, “to see that there was no breach of the peace, and incidentally to ‘get his bit,’ and he got it.” Having got his “bit,” this model justice of the peace quietly left the scene. Have they no means in Indiana by which such outrages upon law by the paid administrators and executors of law can be prevented? As for the “milling” fraternity, we suppose that they and their savageries cannot be entirely suppressed so long as there are large numbers of people eager to pay big sums for the privilege of witnessing such “entertainments.” But some effort ought surely be made to stop the scandal of sheriffs and justices of the peace accepting bribes to connive at disgraceful exhibitions of law-breaking.

THE presence of the Mormon in the Western Territories, outside of Utah, presents some interesting problems regarding the admission of new States, that should arrest the attention of our law-makers, and guard them against taking too precipitate action. There is one State—Nevada—that has long lain at the mercy of the followers of Joseph Smith. This younger member of the Union has 110,000 square miles of land so unattractive that even the Mormons will not settle on it, although by so doing they could capture a State Government and all the appliances thereof. There are a few Mormons in the north-eastern counties, which are not far from Salt Lake, and a test-oath law, since declared unconstitutional, was passed for their benefit, three years ago; but even Mormons cannot exist on rocks and sage-brush, and they naturally seek more fertile regions. Thus they have gone, in preference, to Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona and Colorado, and the population of Nevada has in consequence decreased from 63,000 in 1880 to about 50,000. Idaho, on the contrary, has been a prime favorite with the polygamists. In several of the southern counties nearly all the inhabitants are of that belief, and in some of the largest settlements scarcely a Gentile can be found. On this account the anti-Mormon legislation of Nevada has been copied by Idaho, but apparently without having had the effect of diminishing the number of these undesirable residents. In South-western Wyoming there are also large Mormon neighborhoods, and the Mormon colonists in Arizona, who have been prosecuted under the Edmunds Act, are said to have increased. Neither Idaho, Wyoming nor Arizona would now be qualified for admission to the Union if the Mormons had not settled in them; and their presence should make our legislators pause before granting them the right of Statehood.

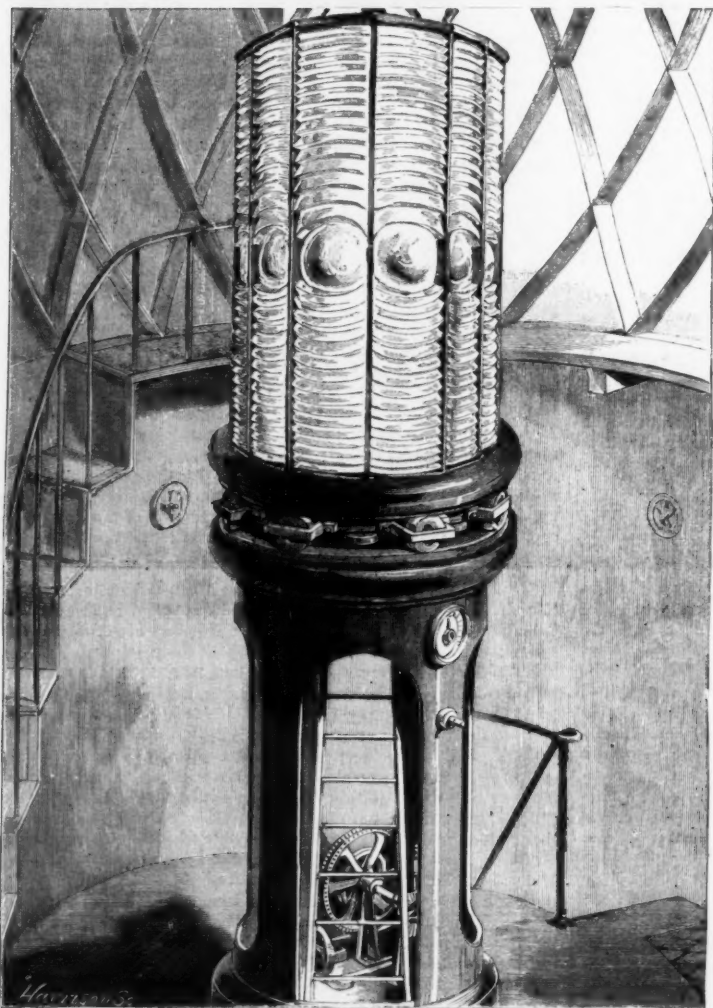
AN interesting decision was recently made at Haverhill, Mass., in a case growing out of the long-sustained argument between the friends of the public-school system on the one hand, and their Roman Catholic opponents on the other. Encouraged by the apparent success of the anti-Roman Catholic movement in the Boston municipal election, the Haverhill School Board some weeks ago decided that the children of the French Roman Catholics of the city who were sent to a parochial school taught by one Father Bouchée were not being instructed in conformity with the State statutes regulating the education of children. A crusade was therefore inaugurated, and six French-Canadian residents were arrested, on complaint of the Truant Officer, upon the charge of having under their control children whom they neglected to send to the public school. When the case was called up for trial, the judge virtually ruled it out of court by sustaining the objection of the defendant's counsel, since it was proposed to show that the education afforded by the parochial school was not at all comparable with that furnished gratuitously by the town. In his subsequent decision, Judge Carter insisted that the statute did not require that the parochial schools should be approved by the School Superintendent and by the School Board. It was not enacted that the child should be educated in the public school, but only that he should be furnished with the general “means of education.” It was, moreover, a question for the courts to decide whether, in any particular case, the parents had obeyed the spirit of the statute by sending their children to any particular school. The decision, which seems to have evaded one of the strong points made against the French Catholic school—namely, that it gives its instruction in a foreign tongue—has occasioned a good deal of excitement in Massachusetts, and the press is already urging that the school laws must be amended so as to clearly define what is meant by the phrase “means of education.”



Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 27.



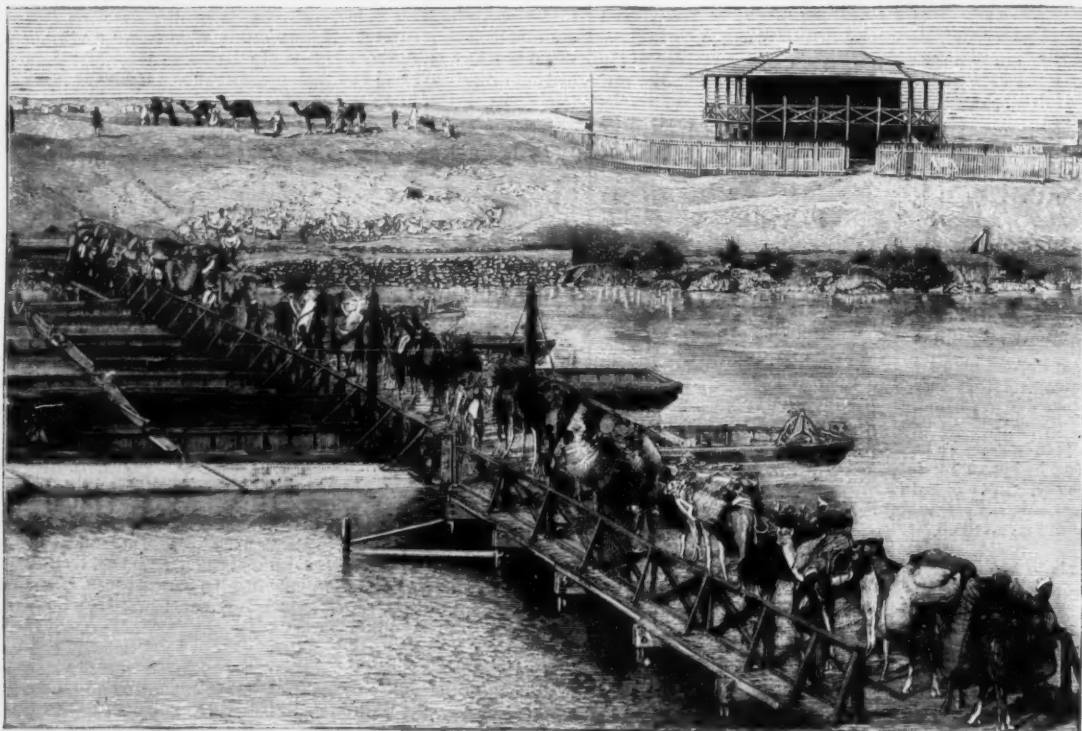
EASTERN AFRICA.—THE GERMAN WAR-FRIGATE "LEIPZIG" DESTROYING THE NATIVE VILLAGE OF BAGAMOTO.



ENGLAND.—LANTERN OF ST. CATHERINE'S, ISLE OF WIGHT—THE MOST POWERFUL ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE WORLD.



FRANCE.—GENERAL BOULANGER RECEIVING THE ELECTION RETURNS OF THE 27TH ULT.



EGYPT.—CARAVAN OF MECCA PILGRIMS AT SUEZ.



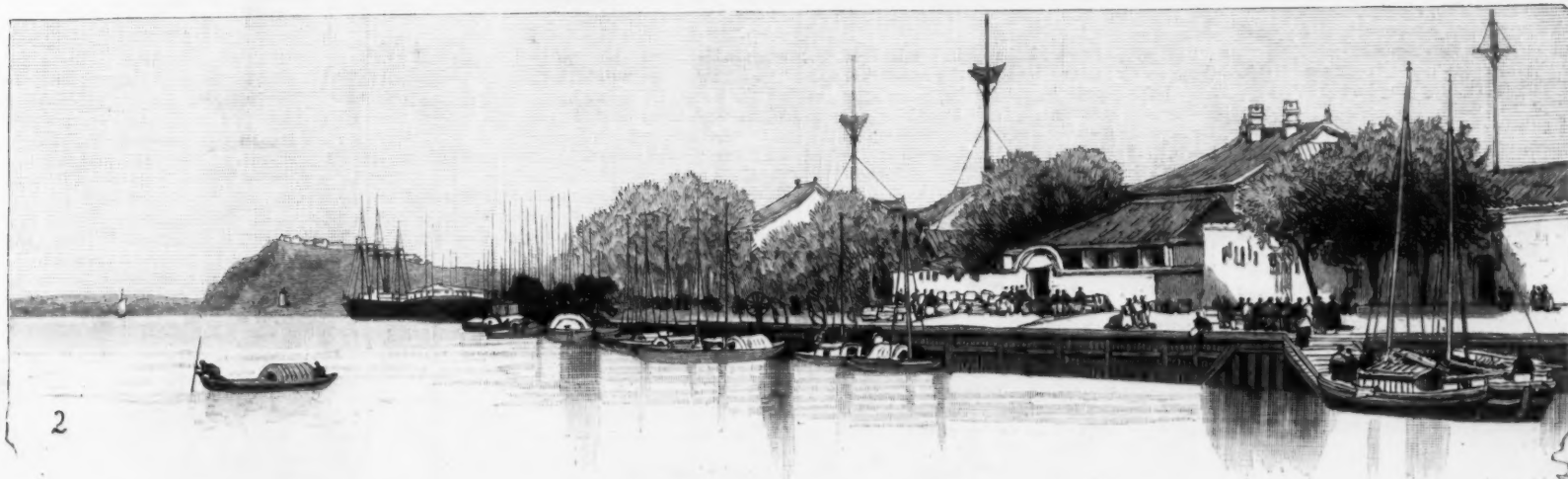
FRANCE.—ADMIRAL JURIE DE LA GRAVIÈRE, MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY.





THE ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—GENERAL LAFAYETTE VISITING WASHINGTON IN RETIREMENT AT MOUNT VERNON, PHOTO., BY BRADY AND HANDY, OF THE PAINTING IN THE FAMILY MANSION.—SEE PAGE 31.

1784



1. View of the City. 2. The Custom-house.  
NORTH CHINA.—THE RECENT NATIVE UPRISING AT CHING-KIANG.  
FROM PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 26.



## POST-MORTEM.

I.  
COLD, cold, cold—  
Cruel and cold as steel.  
Hearts that have cooled in passion's mold  
Have no more power to feel.

II.  
Dead, dead, dead—  
Buried the old sweet trust.  
Think you to call the spirit fled  
Back to a heap of dust?

III.  
Spend no breath,  
Words are vain—in vain.  
Out of the dreamless sleep of death  
Love will not rise again.

## THE LONE MOUND BOOMERS.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

AS the last passenger descended from the train that had just puffed up to the little station at an insignificant but ambitious prairie city, Hank Fisher uttered a snorting sigh of disappointment. It gave him little satisfaction that the puffing and wheezing of the locomotive drove his team of half-wild ponies almost frantic, and gave him an opportunity to exhibit his ability as a driver in controlling them. It caused him small gratification when he overheard a by-stander remark that Hank was "right smart of a driver, lemme tell you."

During the over trip from Lone Mound, he had been nursing a sort of unreasoning wrath against certain absent and wholly innocent persons, and their anticipated derogatory remarks in regard to the hospitality to which he was to introduce them. And now that they had not put in appearance, he felt very much as if he had been cheated out of a just vengeance.

His feelings found partial vent in a pistol-like crack of his black-snake whip, that sent the half-wild ponies flying out toward the prairie at a rate that threatened to whirl the wheels off from the old blue buckboard to which they were attached.

Hank growled, hoarsely, as he retained his position on the swaying seat with acrobatic ease: "Mebby they reckon they kin find all manner o' fault jest cuz they wear plug hats an' air pussy. Wal, if they'd a-said two words a-pickin' flaws, I'd—"

He turned about as the last of a series of shouts reached him. Had the author of the shouts been any other but the man who had uttered the laudation of Hank's ability as a driver of half-broken ponies, it is probable that he would have treated the hail with contempt. But as it was, he pulled up to learn the pleasure of the shouter.

"New-comer wants to go to Lone Mound!" was the shout.

Hank's spirits rose as he drove back to the little station.

"Mebby it's one uv 'em, after all," he told himself. "Plug-hatted an' pussy?" he questioned, loudly, with profound disregard for the feelings of the new-comer, whom he might be describing.

"Noap!" answered his informant, very promptly. "Pears quiet-like. Deacon, I reckon, by his looks."

The old gentleman toward whom a designating thumb was jerked was of benevolent, almost of humble, appearance, and simple dress. His was not a tall or "plug" hat, and his spare figure was so far removed from corpulence that by no stretch of imagination could he be considered "pussy."

Clearly this was not one of the presupposed fault-finders.

In his disappointment, Hank half turned the team about, as if to dash away again. But he thought better of it, and a few minutes later the stranger had taken his place on the seat of the old blue buckboard, and the ponies were bounding away at a rate that made the passenger cling fast to the seat to prevent being thrown off by the terrific jounces.

But the old gentleman bore it with such serene humility that Hank speedily relented a trifle, and became confidential as he jerked the ponies down to something like a regulation trot.

"Was lookin' fer some fellers on that train," he said. "Stuck-up cusses, I reckon, an' pussy, too. The boys 'lowed they'd a-find fault if the grub wa'n't preziesly up to the handle, so to speak. Wal, if they had, blamed if I wouldn't— But they didn't come, so it don't make no difference what I'd a-done. Say"—this suddenly—"plug-hatted an' pussy capitalists is mighty li'ble to find a heap o' fault if everything hain't jest so, hain't they?"

Mystified, the passenger replied, modestly, that he believed they bore that reputation.

"That's what the boys 'lowed," continued Hank. "Railroad officials is mostly plug-hatted an' pussy, hain't they?"

"Many of them are, I believe."

"Wal, that's what we 'lowed, too. Say, thar's other ways o' spendin' money besides usin' it to whoop up a boom, hain't thar?"

His companion acknowledged that different avenues of expenditure existed, and Hank lapsed into silence.

When, at length, the old gentleman asked mildly if the boom at Lone Mound was still active and increasing, there seemed no cause for the sudden outbreak upon the part of the other.

"Hang the boom!" he half roared. "Hain't no boom thar, an' never will be. Town's dead; railroad's goin' to New Boston, 'stead uv to Lone Mound, an' that settles it!"

"But I understood that a lively boom had just begun there," returned the passenger, "and—and I—"

"Wal, it hain't! Say, if the money that has be'n raised to whoop up the boom is used fer sump'n else, it's the business uv nobody but the boomers, is it?"

This seemed more of a defiance than an inquiry,

and the passenger quite modestly and hastily expressed the opinion that the affair concerned no one but the participants.

"Course not!" Hank agreed. "An' if them 'ere pussy fellers—" He paused as if mentally debating as to the proper method of procedure against the "pussy" ones. "Wal, we did reckon on a boom, but thar's no signs uv it now," he said, regretfully. "Less'n the foundation of a new school-house an' the startin' uv a grave-yard with one grave air boom signs."

The interest of the passenger was manifested with such unobtrusive humility, that presently Hank began to tell the story of the dead boom.

Lone Mound and New Boston, insignificant but ambitious settlements, were bitter rivals. The citizens of each were prepared to go to almost any length to advance the interests of their own town and discomfit its opponent.

When the Transcontinental Railroad decided to project its line westward through the yet unorganized County of Pawpaw, and onward toward the Range country, each of the settlements was on the *qui vive* to secure the passage of the line through itself. As a result, each was determined to make the best possible showing upon the arrival of the officials who were expected to make a tour of observation of the proposed route.

It was popularly believed that the settlement that appeared to be most prosperous, and therefore likely to add most to the volume of the company's business, would secure the railroad. It was thought, too, that the quality of the reception tendered them might influence the choice of the inspecting officials.

The securing of the line meant much to the town through which it passed, for its importance as a trading-point would be vastly increased, its population augmented by new arrivals, and when the organization of the county finally took place, the railroad town would undoubtedly become the county seat.

"An'—" Hank grew confidential—"when the news come, the boys reckoned on jest nachully layin' it over New Boston, or everlastin'ly bustin' themselves a-tryin'."

At a hastily called meeting a boom committee was appointed, and immediate preparations were made for creating that fickle attribute of so many Western settlements—a boom.

The reception tendered to the expected railroad officials was to be upon a scale of magnificence calculated to make the citizens of New Boston turn green with envy. There was to be an address of welcome, delivered in the best style of Colonel Henderson, an auctioneer of six years' experience.

The business houses were to be decorated, and a parade was talked of. But the crowning glory of the reception was to be a banquet, the like of which had never been seen in Pawpaw County.

A committee on finance was appointed, and all present were requested to donate.

"An'," said Hank, "every feller thar div down in his pocket an' chipped in all he could spare."

It was decided that the members of the finance committee should visit the outlying claims to solicit the co-operation of the claim-holders.

"We scattered out lively," went on Hank, "fer every feller was anxious to git the furthestest around, so's to collect the most money. When we gathered ag'in, everybody was thar but Ira Henneker. An' jest as we was gittin' tired o' waitin', he slipped in, sayin' nothin'."

"I visited three claims," sez one.

"I was at three," sez another.

"Some had only be'n to two, an' one or two had visited four."

"Shucks!" sez I. "I was at five, an' didn't hurt myself, either."

"Ira didn't say nothin'."

"How many did yer make, Iry?" the cheerman ast him.

"One!" sez he, short an' sharp.

"All the boys but Ira begun to chuck their money down on the table."

"Much did you git, Iry?" sez the cheerman.

"Ira squirmed around on his heels fer a minute."

"None!" sez he, pretty soon, an' shorter than ever. "Hain't even got my own now!"

"Wal," sez the cheerman, "durned if you hain't a pretty-lookin' chap to let a claim-holder clean you out that-a-way!"

"If you don't like my way," growled Ira, right savage, "jest lump it, an' be durn to you!"

"An' he jumped up an' left the room, leaving us with our mouths open, so to speak. By the time we come to our senses," continued Hank, "Ira wa'n't nowher to be found."

"Boys," sez the cheerman, "sump'n demands our attention mor'n the boom business. Iry's crazy, I reckon."

"Off we put toward the claim Ira had visited. Some uv us knowed by sight the feller that was a-holdin' it—quiet, peaceable chap from summers East. But, quiet er not, Lone Mound had no use fer anybody that not only wouldn't whoop up the boom, but actually robbed the committee, an' so we a-reckoned on his a-leavin' the neighborhood shortly after we got there."

The poor cabin or "shack" of the claim-holder did not look like the abode of a desperate character. Beside the door was a little bed of bright-hued prairie-flowers, and a wild morning-glory was trained up to one of the little windows. The approach of the committeemen met no opposition, and, with weapons handy, they entered the cabin.

Upon the poor bed lay the claim-holder. His emaciated face, fever-flushed and ghastly, and his voice, little more than a quavering whisper, told of a dangerous illness. On the table lay a little heap of money, and on a chair at the bedside was a bowl of broth.

"I'm glad to see you," the sick man said, faintly.

"I suppose Ira Henneker sent you. He war here a little while ago."

The intruders appeared exceedingly uncomfortable. Each looked at his neighbor, as if mutely asking him to say something appropriate.

"Sick long, pardner?" asked the chairman of the committee, presently.

"I don't know," said the sick man, wearily. "I have been delirious, I think. I grew worse and worse, and then all was a blank till just before Ira came. It may not have been long, yet it seems months since I felt myself slipping from consciousness. But I feel a little, just a little, better now. Ira was very kind to me, and the broth did me good."

It was evident that he had not seen the money on the table.

"I must get well as soon as I can, for Alice is coming soon—coming soon."

Alice! He dwelt lovingly on the name.

"Alice! Little Alice! Coming soon."

"How soon?" asked the chairman, for want of a more appropriate question.

"If she meets with no delay on the trip, she will be here by the 10th or 11th of this month. I must hurry and get well by that time, for I want to meet her when the buckboard brings her over from Prairie City. I am going to hire you to bring her, Hank, and— Why, he's gone!"

Hank did not learn all of the story till afterward. It was the simple story of two long-waiting hearts. The claim-holder had come West to make on the prairie a home for the only girl in the world to him, and to whom he was the only man in the world.

And she, left behind, had persevered in her duties as the teacher of a little country school, adding to the small store of dollars that should be common property when they became one.

Presently the time prescribed by law before a claim becomes the property of a "homesteader" would end, and then they could settle down comfortably in a little prairie home of their own.

At last, a little windfall, in the form of a small legacy from a distant relative, came to the girl, and she hastened to write the good news to her lover. The marriage need not be postponed any longer. As soon as the necessary legalities were completed, and she obtained possession of her property, she would hasten to him.

A little later, the claim-holder fell ill; how dangerously, he did not realize.

At his isolated cabin, his condition had not been suspected by the scattered neighbors till the visit of the boomers.

Ere the claim-holder's story was ended there came the thud of hoofs, and a moment later Ira Henneker strode in, followed by Dr. McCord, from Prairie City.

The boomers left the cabin, but when, after the examination, Dr. McCord joined them, with grave face and solemnly shaken head, they re-entered the house. Without consulting the rest, the treasurer of the finance committee laid on the table a little pouch containing the reception fund.

"Doc," said he, in a hoarse aside, "if money'll make—"

"I can only do my best," returned the physician.

"What's left will be plenty fer—" began the chairman.

"Plenty fer the boom," finished some one, as the chairman paused.

Ten minutes later, with the exception of the physician and a couple of volunteer nurses, the sick man was alone. The rest of the boomers were attending to duties or purchasing articles deemed by clumsy sympathizers to be of utility to an invalid. This done, they arrayed themselves in their best clothes, kept for state occasions.

Meanwhile, the half-wild ponies of Hank Fisher were jerking the old blue buckboard, along the grass-fringed road, rapidly toward Prairie City.

"Had to be thar in time fer the train if it jerked all the wheels off the buckboard," Hank explained to his passenger. "Thar was the girl uv that pore cuss comin' on the train that was durn near due, an' him half dead an' not expectin' her fer sev'ral days, owin' to havin' be'n delirious an' losin' track uv the flight o' time, so to speak."

The girl who descended from the train at Prairie City and inquired for conveyance to Lone Mound was soon seated behind the half-wild ponies that immediately began kicking distance swiftly behind them.

"Somehow," said Hank, confidentially, "her face reminded me uv these yere wild blush-roses that grow on the sunny slopes o' the little hollers, it was so pure an' innocent an' bright. An' her eyes, blue as flax-flowers, or the sky when the Summer rain-clouds break away fer a minute, so to speak, was as soft an' sorto meltin', as—as—"

At a loss for an appropriate simile, Hank bestowed upon the half-wild ponies a sound crack of the black-snake whip.

"Wal," proceeded Hank, "pretty soon after we come in sight uv his shack, I seed sump'n was up. The boys was a-standin' in a solemn row in front uv the house, an' all uv 'em had their hats off. When we got up clost, two uv 'em shoved the cheerman uv the boom committee forward as if they wanted him to do some talkin', an' he looked as if he'd rather be killed on the spot. When the team stopped, the cheerman twisted about as if he was spectin' to be whipped fer sump'n, an' lookin' at the girl beside me an' jest openin' an' shuttin' his mouth like a cat-fish, without sayin' a word."

"Hank," sez he, all of a sudden, "he's gone over the Range!" an' got back uv the others, spite uv their tryin' to make him stay ahead uv 'em."

"The girl didn't see what was up, but I did, an' fer a minute I reckoned on turnin' this yere ole blue buckboard around an' gittin' her away from the sorrier that was before her, I was that overcome by my feelin's, so to speak. Then Doc McCord come out uv the shack and stepped forward."

"Miss," sez he, "yer young man's be'n powerful sick, an'—an'—I—you—you must prepare fer ther worst, an'—"

"Like a flash she seed it all. The next minute she was in the shack an' a-keelin' by her dead lover, with her head bowed on his breast an' her

hair, which had come loose, sorto caressin' his dead face. None uv us reckoned on intrudin' on her grief, but the cry that come to me before I could git out o' hearin' was one that I never want to hear the like uv ag'in, it was that full uv anguishin' despair, so to speak."

"What did—" began Hank's passenger.

At that moment the mound that for about two hours had loomed up before them was passed sufficiently to reveal a little settlement just beyond it. A small cavalcade was leaving it.

"That thar's Lone Mound," said Hank, "an' yere comes the fun'n'al. They started their grave-yard just over thar on the slope uv the mound, where it's always sunny when it is anywhere."

When the little procession reached them, the team of half-wild ponies was halted by the roadside, and as it moved slowly past, both of the occupants of the old blue buckboard sat with bowed and bared heads.

The horses that drew the first wagon, the substitute for a hearse, were tastily draped with black calico. The man who walked at the head of each horse had a band of black about his arm. In the wagon lay the dead man, reclining on a bed of bright-hued prairie-flowers, with his head resting in the lap of the girl, whose pale, grief-stricken face now bore little resemblance to the bright blossoms to which Hank Fisher had likened it.

The next wagon bore the coffin, its sombre outlines softened by the wild flowers that were piled about and over it. The pall-bearers sat on the edge of the wagon-box, on either side. The few women of the little settlement rode in the remaining wagons of the little procession, and the men followed on foot. All wore bows of black on their arms.

The old blue buckboard fell in behind.

"The boys reckoned on doin' it up right, if it took all o' the boom money. An' after payin' the doctor, buyin' all sorts o' stuff fer the sick man, payin' fer the mournin', an' so on, when the new school-house that we're goin' to build fer that girl to teach in is paid fer, thar won't be enough uv the boom money left to swear by, so to speak, an' the school-house an' the grave-yard, with one grave in it, will be all the signs thar'll be uv a boom. No banquet, an' if the railroad officials come an' don't like it, an' sorto pick flaws with the common, every-day grub we've got, thar'll be the same pussy, plug-hatted cusses that'll go back to Prairie City some way beside on my ole blue buckboard. An' I'll sorto free my mind to 'em fore they start, an' they kin take their old railroad where they durn please, an' be hanged to them!"

In his wrath at the officials of the Transcontinental Railroad, Hank was in danger of disturbing those immediately in front of him with his expressions of ire.

When the grave was reached, Colonel Henderson came to the side of Hank's buckboard.

"Stranger," he said, addressing the passenger, "bein' thar's no preacher, I did 'low to do my best toward the right thing at the grave, but by yore looks you'd come nearer fillin' the bill."

It was hardly a sermon that the stranger spoke over the grave, but the simple, earnest words brought comfort to the heart of the bereaved girl, and caused the by-standers to indulge in sundry solemn ratificatory nods.

When the settlement was reached, and the ex-boomers gathered, a gloomy group, about the quiet stranger, Colonel Henderson stepped forward.

"Stranger," said he, "if it hain't too personal a question, who air you? I want to sorto be able to introduce you to my wife, when I take you up to the house as my guest for the balance of your stay."

"My name," said the stranger, "is Conwell. I am the plain old President of the Transcontinental Railroad, which will be speedily built to Lone Mound, instead of to New Boston, as our friend here seems to anticipate."

Hank Fisher, whom Mr. Conwell had designated as "our friend," was the picture of astonishment.

"But—but," he gasped, "Lone Mound hain't got no boom, an'—an'—"

"Perhaps not—at least, not at present; but booms, my friend, are not what, according to the proverb, makes the whole world kin. There are some things better than booms, even in the West."

Half an hour after, Hank remarked, confidentially, to a friend:

"If it wa'n't fer the way he talked at the grave, I'd be sure he lied. W'y, he hain't neither plug-hatted nor pussy!"

## THE RISING AT CHING-KIANG-FU, CHINA.

DISPATCHES recently received from Shanghai, China, convey news of a native uprising at Ching-Kiang, an important city and treaty-port on the great river Yang-tse. The riot appears to have been a very serious one, and is said to have been participated in by native soldiers, abetted by the local officials. The foreign quarter was attacked, the American Consulate looted, the British Consulate and the American Mission Chapel and other buildings burned, and the whole of the foreign concession was, at latest accounts, in the hands of the Chinese mob, the foreigners having fled in terror over the hills in the rear of the city, to escape massacre.

Ching-Kiang is a *fu* city—one designated by the Government as a depository of precious documents and treasure. It is situated on the right of the Yang-tse-Kiang, about half a day's steam from the mouth of that mighty stream, which is navigable for comparatively large steamers as far as Chung-King, a distance of about 1,500 miles from Shanghai. Ching-Kiang is the lowermost of the treaty ports on the river, the others being, in their order, Kiu-Kiang, Hankow and I-Chang, at each of which there is a United States consul, in charge of the interests of the handful of American citizens



resident on the river, and engaged in the service of the Chinese Government as customs officers, or occupied with missionary work.

Ching-Kiang owes much of its importance to its location on the great river near to the point where the Grand Canal enters it on either bank. The northern section of this important artificial waterway joins the river immediately opposite the city, the Yang-tee here being fully a third of mile wide. The southern entrance of the canal is about eight miles below, where it passes through a gap in the range of hills near Kiun-Shan. It is a walled city, as all *fu* cities are, the walls inclosing a considerable area of ground outside of the city proper, and climbing the steep hills which form its protection from the rear, in the usual style of all Chinese military walls.

The city was formerly much more prosperous than it is at present, and the foreign trade now carried on is of very little importance. It suffered severely during the prolonged struggle of the Tai-ping rebels with the Imperial forces, thirty years ago, and to this day traces of the havoc and destruction wrought by the armies of both sides are to be seen in the ruins of villages all around the city, and the dilapidated temples and pagodas of Chin-Shan-Szu and Kiun-Shan. Ching-Kiang was the battle-ground of one of the struggles in what is generally called "The Opium War of 1840-42"; the surrender of the city to Sir Henry Gough being immediately followed by the occupation of Nanking by the British troops, and the making of the Treaty of Nanking.

The total foreign population of Ching-Kiang does not exceed forty, including the members of the foreign staff of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs and missionaries.

Miss Sophie Preston, a lady of about thirty, and daughter of Rev. Charles Preston, has been killed in a recent uprising in China, though it is not yet known whether it was at Ching-Kiang or not.

The illustrations furnish a very good general view of Ching-Kiang, the two large buildings on the hill-side being the American and British Consulates; and a view of the Bund, or Esplanade, showing the Chinese Custom-house, with an American river steamer in the background.

#### ELECTRIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

ELECTRICITY is coming to the fore in the pictorial as well as the other arts; and photographers are enabled to declare their independence of the sun. By means of the flash-light process, the camera can work at midnight or in the gloomiest crypt as effectively as out-doors at high noon-day; and its adaptability to special purposes in medicine and surgery give it an important relation to modern scientific progress. Dr. Roberts has recently exhibited the flash-light method publicly, showing the way in which the shutter upon the camera is moved, and the magnesium powder exploded at the same instant by means of an electric current. The shutter movement is accomplished by means of a temporary magnet placed next to the shutter and connected with a simple mechanism which moves the shutter as the current is turned on or off. Another wire from the battery is connected with an elliptical-shaped pan, in which is placed the powder. The current heating a steel wire in turn ignites the powder. Back of the pan is placed a polished reflector, by which much light is saved. A picture of an audience in a darkened theatre may be obtained literally "in a flash"—and often is. The ladies jump when the magnesium explodes, but they have been caught by the camera at the instant of the flash. The plates are developed in a dark-room, and prints as well as lantern-slides are procured.

The flash-apparatus, as appears from our picture on page 21, is pressed into the service of the "gay science" as well as the grave; and in this instance its lightning has struck a group of fantastic masqueraders just setting out for one of the great balls of the season. What daylight photography could ever have caught such a subject?

#### SUBTROPICAL GLIMPSES.

IT is only thirty hours from "lands of snow to lands of sun," as represented respectively by New York and Florida. Such is the degree to which air-line railroads and fast trains have annihilated distance. In other respects, however, such as climate, scenery and popular customs, the North and the South are as far apart as ever. To be whisked from one to the other in hardly more than a day's time is certainly a curious and bewildering sensation. These fast trains are vestibule trains, and they are provided with spacious "observation platforms," which afford the flying tourist every opportunity for seeing whatever can be "taken" by such instantaneous mental photography. A most interesting series of these rapidly shifting impressions is given in the drawings on pages 28 and 29.

Just before crossing the Rapidan at Fredericksburg, Va., the train scares up one of those enormous migratory colonies of crows which encamp upon the gaunt branches of the buttonwoods and black gums in this region. There are literally myriads of them, and their flight momentarily darkens the sky, like the passing of a sable cloud. Near the City of Charleston, S. C., the "bottle band" strikes up a weird, unearthly strain, to the amazement of the passengers who crowd upon the observation platform. What at first appears to be a group of disreputable and skylarking young darkeys turns out to be an organized band, who, led by a mouth-organist, furnish a fantastic but harmonious accompaniment by tooting upon the mouths of assorted bottles and demijohns. They contrive to levy a substantial contribution upon nearly every passing train—for originality always compels recognition.

Georgia barrens and pines, razor-back hogs, and desert jungles of scrub palmetto, successively mark the progress toward southernmost Dixie. The razor-backs afford an entertaining study. A whole family of them—gaunt, long-legged, keen-eyed—will rush after a train, and follow it a mile or more in apparently futile chase. But the razor-backs are not so irrational as they look. They have reasoned out the fact that, the passengers having purchased refreshments at the station below, a large proportion of the sandwiches, pie and fruits will be thrown out of the car-windows along this very section of the track over which they are now going. The hogs presently turn back, and, scattering their forces along both sides of the

track, glean a respectable repast along their homeward route.

Jacksonville finally reached, it is difficult to recognize the but lately helpless and plague-stricken city in the bright, bustling, ambitious port and metropolis which now welcomes the stranger from the North. The place has emerged from the clutches of Yellow Jack more hopeful and enterprising than ever. The Subtropical Exposition enterprise has received a new lease of life, and everything is being done to offer the tourist as strong inducements for coming to Jacksonville as six months ago he had for staying away.

The scene here chosen by the artist for illustration, however, relates to a different phase of life in the South, which is as significant as it is striking. Here is a negro justice rebuking and passing sentence upon a riotous young white man—a scion of one of the "first families," it may be—who has been arrested by a negro policeman, and has passed the night in "durance vile" amongst "drunks and disorderlies" of all shades of complexion. This is not an uncommon sight in the Jacksonville police court, where Judge Lee (colored) presides with learning, tact and dignity enough to make his authority respected in any similar court, North or South.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA.

BISMARCK's recent speech on the East African question seems to confirm the general idea that the much-talked-of international anti-slavery crusade is a mere stalking-horse to cover a far-reaching scheme for the acquisition of large and important tracts of territory in the African interior. The speech was made on the introduction of the Bill into the Reichstag demanding a sum equal to a half-million dollars for "the protection of German interests and the combating of the slave-trade in German East Africa." Captain Wissmann, who has been appointed the Imperial Commissioner to carry out its provisions, contributed to the debate a statistical and prospective view of East African affairs, and pointed out that, as the Sultan of Zanzibar was no longer able to preserve order in that part of his dominion leased out to the Germans, the latter must look after their own interests in their own way. It was of no use to act with mildness, and moral persuasion would have to be backed up by material force. A demonstration of this "material force" appears in the picture showing the German war-ship *Leipzig* devastating the Arab and native settlements at Bagamoyo, on the coast of the main-land opposite the island and town of Zanzibar—where the conflicts between the Germans and the Arabs have caused, of late, much loss of life and property.

##### ST. CATHERINE'S LIGHT.

St. Catherine's Light, upon the summit of the "Down" of that name on the Isle of Wight, dates back to the fourteenth century, when a devout knight built a chantry there, and provided an endowment for a priest whose duty it was to chant masses and maintain a burning light at night for the benefit of passing mariners. In 1837, the erection of the present light-house at St. Catherine's Point was commenced, the lantern being first lighted in 1840. It is situated on a terrace eighty-one feet above high-water mark; the stone-work of the tower was raised originally one hundred feet above the terrace, but afterward lowered forty feet to avoid the fogs rolling off the Downs, as it was found by experience that at the lower elevation the light was not so often obscured. The original mineral-oil lamp has been lately replaced by what is stated to be the most powerful electric light in the world, which was designed by Sir James Douglas, Engineer-in-chief to the Trinity House. For the production of the light the engine-house contains three of Roby's compound engines, each of thirty-six horse-power, and two De Meritens magneto-electric machines, working at a speed of 600 revolutions per minute, each capable of producing a light of 3,000,000 candles. The induction arrangement of each machine consists of sixty permanent magnets, every magnet being made up of eight steel plates; the armature being two feet six inches in diameter, and composed of five rings with twenty-four bobbins in each, arranged in groups of four in tension and six in quantity. There are three lamps (of which only one is used at a time) of the Serrin-Berjot type, modified; the carbons are two and a half inches in diameter, and six-pointed star-shape in section. The dioptric lantern is a drum containing sixteen panels of vertical lenses; this rotates and gives a flash of four seconds, followed by twenty-six seconds' darkness. On a bright night it is clearly seen at a distance of forty miles, and at the Needles, about twelve miles distant, a newspaper has been distinctly read by this powerful flash.

##### GENERAL BOULANGER'S TRIUMPH.

General Boulanger's headquarters, during the recent Paris election campaign, was the Café Durand, in the Place de la Madeleine. On election day, the 27th ult., the entire establishment was rented for the use of the general and his personal staff, headed by the valiant Paul Deroulade; and here the returns of the balloting were brought, line by line, to be scanned by the triumphant candidate and his friends, to the accompaniment of the after-dinner cigars and wine. General Boulanger's passive assistance at the debate on Premier Floquet's revision measure in the Chamber of Deputies, last Thursday, and which culminated in the resignation of the Ministry, was his first public appearance since his recent election for the Department of the Seine.

##### THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

An engraving, from a photograph forwarded from Aden by a correspondent of the *Illustrazione Italiana*, shows us the great Constantinople and Cairo caravan of devout Mussulmans on its way to the holy city of Mecca. The long procession is crossing a ponton-bridge near Suez, and the surroundings are modern and commonplace; but the long file of camels, the bright fabrics, flowing robes and turbans of the devout followers of the Prophet, are just the same as they have been for centuries past, and needing only the surroundings of the open desert, with a bending palm or two, to restore a perfect picture of Oriental custom and faith.

##### ADMIRAL JURIEU DE LA GRAVIERE.

M. Jurieu de la Graviere, the newly elected "immortal" of the French Academy, began his career as a sailor in 1828, when he was only sixteen years old. He has served his country on all seas, and in 1861, at the opening of the Mexican adventure, he was put in chief command of the French fleet. He was elected to the Academy of Sciences in 1866. It is to his literary work, however, that

the admiral owes his latest distinction. Besides his technical and historical writings, he is the author of a charming volume of "Travels in China," and one of the "Recollections of a Rear-admiral."

#### POLITICAL PROGRESS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A CONVENTION of white men, representing about 12,500 white voters, held a convention in Pickens, S. C., week before last, and adopted an address to the people which has created something of a sensation. In this address they declare that "the progress of the State is greatly hindered, immigration and capital being prevented from coming among us; the system of public education is unfair, large sums of the people's money being annually appropriated for a favored few, while the masses are poorly provided, and the constitutional guarantee of American citizenship is outraged to an extent that seriously threatens the peace of the Commonwealth. Under the present system of elections, a large majority of the voters are practically disfranchised. Yet they are forced to bear the burdensome taxation yearly levied upon them, while virtually without representation in the affairs of the Government." The resolutions declare in favor of protection to American industries, and that it is the intention of the party to affiliate with the National Republican party in its efforts to secure honest elections, establish good schools, and to bring material prosperity to the South, as it has done for the North. This is the first effort that has been made in this State since the war to organize a white Republican party. The organizers hope to get with them the Farmers' party, which made so vigorous a fight in the last campaign.

#### COAL AS A FACTOR IN CIVILIZATION.

PROFESSOR J. S. NEWBERRY of Columbia College, New York, in a recent lecture on "Coal, the Dominant Factor in Modern History," said: "Few persons have realized the magnitude and dignity of the work coal is doing in the world, and fewer still have thought that it is really the sunshine of bygone ages, and that it has once composed the tissues of various strange plants, some of which are among the most graceful and beautiful of vegetable forms. Buried in the earth or covered with water, vegetable fibre decays or oxidizes slowly, forming, in successive stages of decomposition, peat, lignite, coal, anthracite, graphite, the hydrocarbon gases and petroleum. By regulating and controlling the further oxidation of these we are able to utilize the resulting force as light or heat or motive power."

"To help you to realize the potency of this wonderful substance, coal, let me recall to your memories the measurements of the power evolved in its combustion. It is estimated that with the average engines now in use, about 1,500,000 foot-pounds are practically evolved from the combustion of a pound of coal, and are available in the performance of any work done. Now, this is about the power exerted in a day's labor of an average man. Hence a ton of coal is capable of yielding an amount of force equivalent to that of six and two-thirds men, or of six men and a well-grown boy, throughout the year. Or, the annual production of coal in this country and Great Britain is equivalent to a thousand million men working for a year."

#### BASE-BALL AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE American game of base-ball was played on the sands of Egypt, under the shadow of the Pyramids, on the 9th inst. The competing clubs were the Americas and the Chicagos, now on the way home from their tour round the world. A cable dispatch to the New York *Sun* thus describes the event: "Three hundred yards north of the Sphinx was an open space in the desert, of sufficient size, and here bases were hastily laid and game was immediately called, with Spalding as umpire. The place was most picturesque. It was fairly in the shadow of the great Pyramid of Cheops, and the two others were in sight. Round about were a half-dozen Bedouin villages, each oasis shaded by tall palms. From these the natives flocked, to the number of several hundred, to see the game. Their exclamations as they squatted on the sand and observed the various manœuvres were most comical. They, a few English tourists and our party were the only spectators save one important person, a Bedouin sheikh, who, with his retinue, surveyed the novel scene at a dignified distance. After the game the party was photographed at the foot of the Pyramid of Cheops."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ALUMINIUM for dental purposes is said to be coming into favor. It is pronounced better than rubber, being bright, strong, odorless and wholesome, and less costly than gold.

A DELICATE glue for mounting ferns and seaweeds is made of five parts of gum-arabic, three parts white sugar, two parts starch, and a very little water. Boil until thick and white.

M. MEYER, of Paris, claims to have invented a paper indestructible by fire. Specimens have been exhibited which had been for four hours in a pottery furnace. He has also invented incombustible colors and inks.

GREAT fields of asphaltum have been discovered in Utah and Wyoming Territories. One field near Vernal, Utah, contains 700,000 tons of asphalt. This asphalt was formerly crude petroleum, which, escaping from natural openings in the ground, flowed into the plains where it now lies, and there dried.

A PROCESS of engraving on glass and crystal by electricity has been communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Plante. The plate to be engraved is covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash and put in connection with one of the poles in the battery, and the design is traced out with a fine platinum point connected to the other pole. The results are said to be of marvelous delicacy.

SAYS a weather observer: "When you wish to know what the weather is going to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your eye on it, and if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air that is sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases, take your overcoat with you if you're going away from home, for failing weather is not far off." The reason is this: When the air is becoming charged with electricity, you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones toward it until it gathers into a shower, and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off, or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NATURAL gas has been discovered and is burning at Schroon Lake, N. Y.

THE steamer *Haytian Republic*, which was recently the cause of so much trouble with Hayti, arrived in Boston on the 10th inst.

IN the Rhode Island Legislature, last week, a Bill providing for the more vigorous enforcement of the Constitutional Prohibitory amendment was indefinitely postponed.

THE French Senate has passed a Bill providing that persons publishing slanderous and offensive personal statements shall be summarily dealt with by the Correctional Tribunal.

THE two Houses of Congress met in joint assembly, on the 13th inst., and counted the Electoral vote for President and Vice-president, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators.

THE property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, is worth \$2,272,705, and recent donations by Mrs. J. W. Drexel and H. C. Marquand will swell this sum to three millions.

A BILL just introduced in the Ohio Legislature appropriates \$10,000 for the improvement of the grounds at North Bend, Hamilton County, where ex-President William Henry Harrison is buried.

THE Russian Government has granted a concession for a period of 81 years to a company which proposes to join the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. The company has a capital of nearly \$17,000,000.

IT is stated authoritatively that no time has been fixed upon yet for the beginning of the Samoan Conference, and none of the details have been discussed. The United States will probably be represented by a special commission.

ON the official trial trip of the gun-boat *Yorktown* at sea off the Cape of the Delaware, the vessel developed a speed of 17.2 knots and at least 500 horse-power above the 3,000 called for by the contract. This means a bonus of over \$65,000 for the builders of the vessel.

A RESOLUTION providing for the prosecution by a special Congressional committee of an investigation into the contested election case of Clayton vs. Breckinridge, which recently resulted in the assassination of Clayton in Arkansas, has been introduced in the House of Representatives.

HENCEFORTH the Cabinet of the President will consist of eight members. The Bill creating a Secretary of Agriculture was promptly signed by Mr. Cleveland, who on the same day nominated Norman J. Colman, of Missouri, for the new post. Mr. Colman has been Commissioner of Agriculture since 1885.

AT the Stebbins art sale, last week—the most notable in New York city this season—eighty pictures brought \$159,155, and the statutory \$1,060—making a total of \$160,215. "The Game Lost," a picture of 13½ by 10½ inches, by Meissonier, brought the highest price—\$26,300—and Collis P. Huntington was the purchaser.

A DELEGATION of colored men, headed by ex-Minister J. M. Langston, called on General Harrison last week, and asked the appointment of a man as Attorney-general who will enforce the election laws in the South. Although they suggested no names, Mr. Langston told a reporter afterward that Governor Foraker, he thought, would fill the office well.

THE latest advices from Samoa say that there has been no change in the situation since the last report. There has been no fighting, and Tamasese and Mataafa remain in their strongholds. The British Consul has warned British subjects not to supply natives with arms, and to maintain strict neutrality. Herr Brandeis, the leading partisan of Tamasese, has been recalled to Berlin.

AT an election, last week, in Ogden, Utah, the Liberal or Gentle party won a sweeping victory. Their candidate for Mayor was elected by 439 majority, and all the balance of the ticket is elected, including Councilmen, Aldermen, Chief of Police and officers. The whole Territory has been looking to Ogden to be the first to break the chain of Mormonism, and the result has given widespread satisfaction.

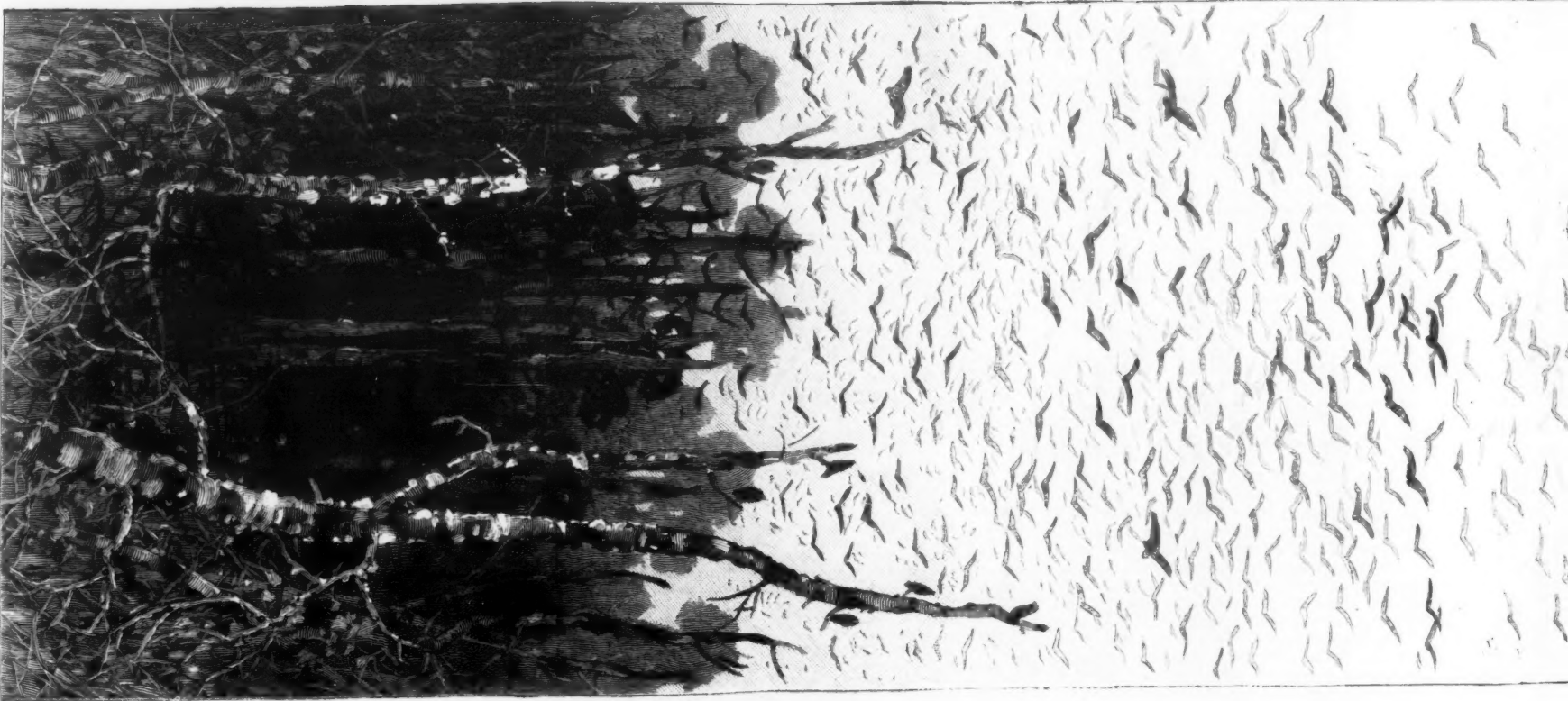
MINISTER PHELPS, who has arrived home, speaking of the Parnell Commission, says that the English judges are unquestionably impartial, and will do no injustice to Mr. Parnell. In the proceedings before the Commission, last week, the Parnell letters were produced, and it was testified that they were obtained of Mr. Phillips, accountant of the Land League, and from Richard Pigott. The Parnellites charge that Pigott forged the letters for which the *Times* paid over \$13,000.

AT the funeral of the wife of a saloon-keeper in Brooklyn, a week or so since, when the undertaker ordered that the cortege should start for the church, a stranger walked up and said: "This funeral can't go on. I'm a walking delegate for the Hack-drivers' Union, and you've got a 'scab' driver in the line. He's got to get out before the funeral continues." With this, forty of the forty-one drivers threw down their reins and declined to stir. Protests were of no avail, and finally the undertaker paid the obnoxious driver two days' pay, mounted the box himself, and the funeral "went on."

IT is said that Sir John Macdonald, Premier of the Canadian Dominion, in order to strangle the annexation sentiment, to submit to Parliament a series of measures creating an independent kingdom of the new Dominion under British protection, with one of the royal family as reigning head. This would hardly be a more surprising development than confederation itself, followed, as it was, by the annexation of the Hudson Bay Company's boundless possessions in the far north-west, the construction of the Canadian Pacific, and the extension of the despoiled Provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope.

THE United States Senate has passed a Bill appropriating \$250,000 "to enable the President to protect the interests of the United States, and to provide for the security of the persons and property of the citizens of the United States, at the Isthmus of Panama, in such manner as he may deem expedient." It is feared that serious trouble may follow the discharge, in a body, of laborers whose means of gaining their livelihood are thereby cut off, and who, in their desperation and distress, may resort to violence and bloodshed. It has been deemed wise by the authorities of the United States, Great Britain, and other nations having large numbers of their citizens employed on the Panama Canal to arrange for bringing them home in case of wholesale discharge, and not suffer them to remain on the Isthmus in destitution and want.





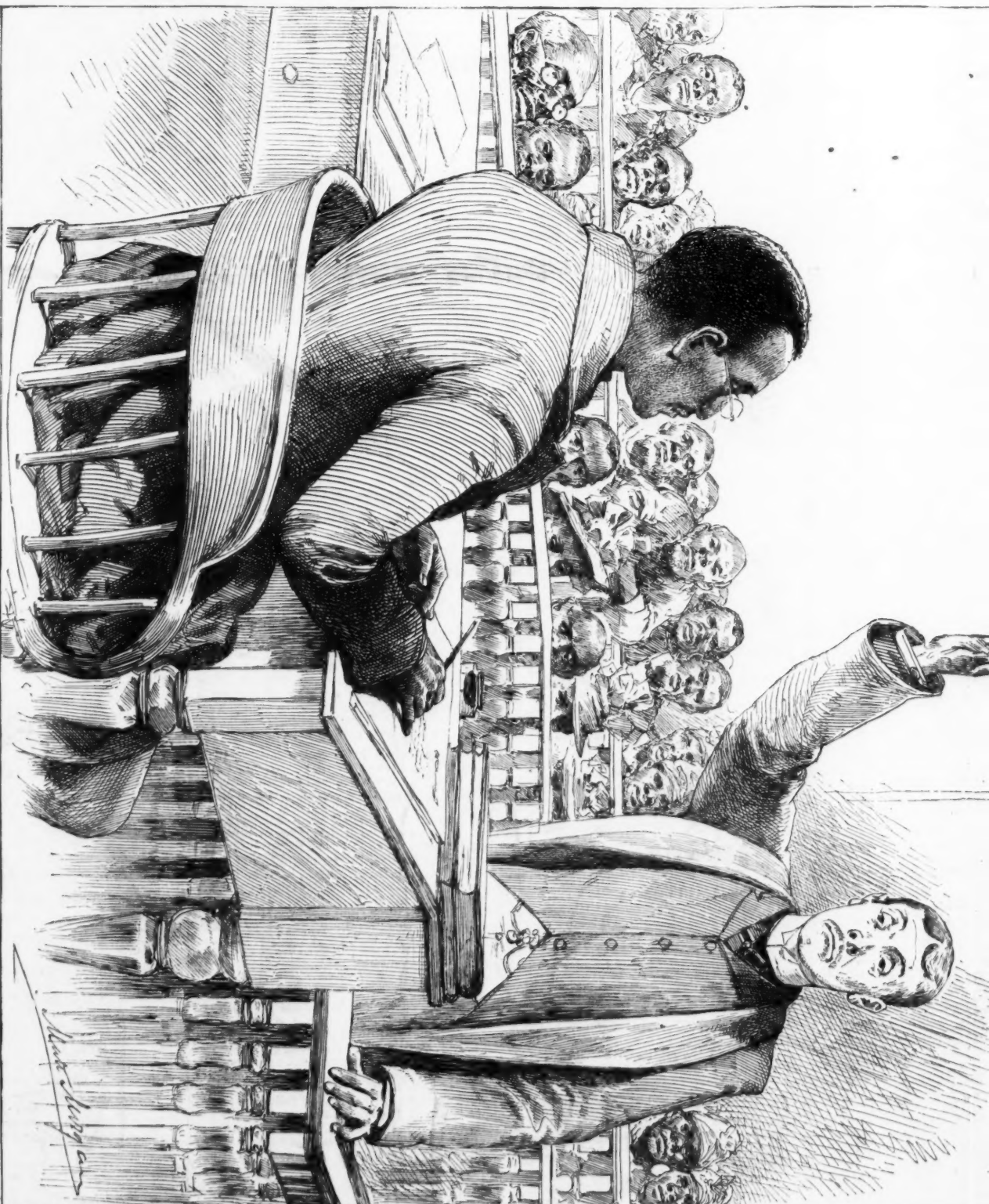
STIRRING UP A CROW-ROOST, NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

AN ARTIST'S NOTES OF A SUBTROPICAL RAILWAY JOURNEY.—By Jos. Becker.

SEE PAGE 27.



A FAMILY OF GEORGIA "RAZOR-BACKS" FOLLOWING THE TRAIN.

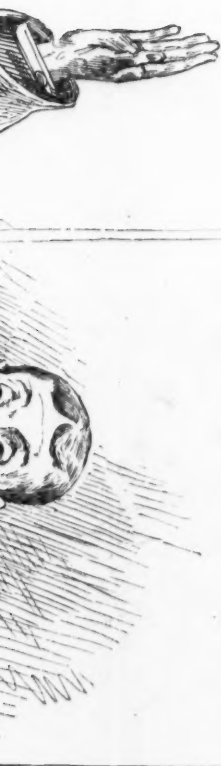


A JACKSONVILLE (FLA.) POLICE COURT—THE NEGRO JUSTICE REPROVES A DISORDERLY WHITE BROTHER, AND DISMISSES HIM WITH A FINE.





ON THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM OF A VESTIBULE TRAIN, ENTERING CHARLESTON, S. C.—MUSIC BY THE "BOTTLE BAND."





## For Dayber's Echo:

THE  
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY  
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF  
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED).

THEN, the next day, the pamphlet came. It was small. It was insignificant-looking. He held it in his hand for a little time before he removed the wrapper, and his hands were not quite steady. Could as much depend on this thing as his imagination had said might, possibly, be true? Gerald doubted it. There must be a first time, after all, for everything; why might not Dr. Pillah have lent his book? Why might not Arnold Anson have stolen it? Why might not his own careless hands have mislaid it? Was he not, after all, a fool for his pains?

He tore away the wrapper. Walking nervously up and down the room, he read his pamphlet—his pamphlet which had been so anxiously waited for—his pamphlet which he had dared dream was the key to some power over Arnold Anson. And behold, it was stale, flat, unprofitable. Little in it to hold his attention away from his own misery—his misery now so much greater since this hope, which had animated his soul for several days, had ended thus in failure; little in it to warrant his belief that Arnold Anson had ever either stolen, or desired to steal, the copy that had been his before.

Still walking up and down, at a pace which gradually grew slower and slower, wearier and wearier, he read the "Report" through to the end: "Men and women of the rarest intellectual powers, and of the finest and most perfectly balanced moral natures, are found alike in the most exalted positions of trust and honor—and in the wards for incurables in asylums for the insane!"

Even that meant nothing personal to him or his friends' interests—so far as he knew. Fortunately free from the conscience which silently punished Arnold Anson for many of his sins, Gerald Graeme was—unfortunately—free from the quick insight into the real meaning of such a document as this which Anson's accusing better self gave.

He turned the page, listlessly, carelessly, despairingly. He wondered, as he did so, just when and where he would find the other copy of his pamphlet—the copy he had mislaid and lost. And then—in a moment—despair had swept away into oblivion, and joy was riding high on the mighty tide of an almost too intense emotion; carelessness and listlessness were gone. He saw where he stood—at the open gates of his paradise again; he saw where Anson stood—on the brink of the grave of every earthly ambition and unholy purpose. Long, hard, tortuous—the road may be all that; but there is a road—thank God, there is a road; this little pamphlet is the key to his future, the key to Mrs. Dayber's freedom, the key to a renewed pledge of deathless affection between himself and Maude Dayber; the key to the certain punishment of the vile wretch Arnold Anson has been; the key to the full solution of all the problems which puzzle and harass the good and true men and women who are so unfortunate as to have had their lives fall under the shadow of Echo Rock; the key to the end—the end of which this day is the beginning!

Gerald Graeme hurried to his room. Be sure he took his precious pamphlet with him. He hurriedly packed his valise, almost breathless with excitement, although he knew that it would be hours before he could take a train which would carry him on the first stage of his journey toward the place of the imprisonment of the mother of the woman he loved.

"He stole the pamphlet," cried the happy man, his voice husky and suspiciously unsteady; "thank God, he stole my pamphlet. He burned it—he burned it—thank God, he burned it. And the ashes of it shall bury his every hope away in utter darkness. And what did he seek to gain? I cannot picture all. I can scarcely bear to picture any. But he has failed—failed! He has given me back my love; he has given an innocent woman her freedom again. I have won—won!"

If we could only stand far enough away from the varied courses of a human life, we should see more of the circumstances which modify and control it—of the events, little in themselves, which shift it this way and that, making it, by virtue of their tiny forces, vastly different from what it would otherwise have been. A complete history of the events which worked together for Mrs. Dayber's good—an account of the trivial things which, each only a little changed, would have left her a prisoner as long as she lived—would be a suggestive theme for any student of psychology. I have not the time to write it fully, nor does it fall within the power of man to do it; the ways of God's providence are past finding out.

The superintendent of the private asylum to which Mrs. Nathan Dayber had been taken was an honest man, a kindly man, a good physician—and a gentleman! I have reasons for not wishing to mention his name, or the location of the establishment over which he had control; I shall, therefore, simply call him Dr. White—a term which, while not his name, was surely suggestive of his nature.

Dr. White was, possibly, rather too much of a theorist to be the head of so eminently practical an institution as an asylum devoted to the care and cure of diseased minds and brains. He was, perhaps, a little too ready to trust the details of care and attention to subordinates. He was, I presume, rather too much given to spending his valuable time putting his ideas, and the results of his observations, in form for publication, and too little given to long-continued and patient study of remarkable cases. But he was, I am certain, a

man who never failed to do the right as he understood it; and under his administration the "private home for unfortunates" over which he presided was a very popular and an excellent one. A theorist all his life, he ultimately gave his life in defense of a theory; usually carefully observant, he sometimes misunderstood the nature of cases with which he had to deal; he misunderstood one man, in particular, and—unless reason and memory come again to that man's injured mind—no one will ever know exactly how Dr. White died; but that is not in this story.

Dr. White took a great interest in Mrs. Dayber from the time of her arrival. He had at least two reasons for doing so. First, she was a profitable patient—the fees paid for her care being very large. Second, she puzzled him. Dr. White loved hard problems; he enjoyed experiments. If all the obscure and doubtful cases in the world could have been gathered into a single asylum, I think Dr. White would have offered to take charge of it for nothing—and urged all his friends to help him secure his dearest wish.

Mrs. Dayber was very quiet and circumspect. She had several reasons. First, she hoped, by acting in a manner entirely sane, to disprove, in the minds of those having her in control, the horrible accusation which had been made against her. Second, she feared that, if she allowed her emotions to gain the ascendancy, she might actually go insane. Third, she hoped that she would quiet suspicion and lessen watchfulness; she believed she might, by so doing, be allowed privileges otherwise unattainable; and she even hoped that she might, sometime, find a way of escape. Once outside the walls of her prison, so she said to herself, she would take her chances—once free, she would rely on her womanly tact and courage to retain her freedom. But we, better used to the actualities of life, my dear reader, and to the ignorance and fears of men, know that the most unfortunate thing that could have befallen her would have been a thoroughly good opportunity for escape.

Having read some selections from the printed opinions of Dr. White, we know that her proper behavior only made her case a doubtful one; we know that it neither proved nor disproved anything.

It is probably safe to say that she never had a chance for escape.

It is almost certain that she did obtain some privileges which no other patient could have had, though that was only to the end that Dr. White might have a better opportunity of studying her. Not infrequently was she allowed to sit in his private office, sometimes for a half-hour at a time, reading some of the many magazines and newspapers which were always there. Sometimes Dr. White only pretended to work, and actually watched his interesting patient—or prisoner. Sometimes he actually read or wrote. The conclusion to his "Report" was written with her sad face bending over some pathetic poem, just opposite him. Perhaps the strength of the dreadful words had a close connection with that fact.

Mrs. Nathan Dayber was in the office of Dr. White when that gentleman's first bundle of printed "Reports" arrived. She watched, though with a pathetically listless air, while he unpacked them. She reached over, finally, while the doctor's attention was otherwise occupied, and took up one of the pamphlets, turned the pages over slowly, and read a little here and there in it.

I don't know how much of it she read, and I never shall. Dr. White never knew, and I fear he wasted a great deal of valuable time, during his life, in trying to guess. If it is possible for a perfectly sane person to do something, and still be unable to tell what or how much, I am sure that Mrs. Dayber never knew just how much of the doctor's pamphlet she read. She had read enough to satisfy her, however, for she was not reading when the doctor finally turned from the desk at which he was addressing some copies of the little work to some of his most honored friends.

She was not reading. The volume, still open, and bearing the marks of having been harshly used, lay on the table near her. Her elbow was on the table. Her face rested on her palm. She seemed in deep thought.

Her face seemed a little paler than it had been before, though of that the doctor could not be sure; she had complained, less than a half-hour before, of not feeling well, and besides, the light did not fall fairly well upon her face; still, Dr. White accepted the apparent pallor as an actual fact.

Her eyes were brighter. Her lips were apart, much as though a long, deep sigh had parted them, and she had forgotten to close them after that.

The doctor sat and watched her narrowly for some minutes. He opened his note-book. He turned to a page, a blank page, with her name at the top, and with only that upon it. He dipped his pen in the ink. He wrote the words: "In some way—in some faculty or fancy or memory—the pamphlet has touched her!"

Suddenly she looked at him. Suddenly, and rather impulsively for one who had determined to be as cool and calm and quiet as she had decided she would be, she rose to her feet. Suddenly, and in a voice not calculated to help her cause, with a pose not quite as characteristic of sanity as she might have desired, she spoke to him.

"Dr. White," she said, "will you send one of these little pamphlets to a friend of mine?"

Her voice died out in a pathetic little quaver. God help her; so much, so very much, seemed to depend upon his answer. Here and now, facing the first definite hope she had found in her imprisonment, she suddenly realized, with an overwhelming sense of powerlessness, just how hopeless she had been.

One article of the doctor's medical creed was acquiescence. He would promise a patient anything—as readily as you would promise anything to a sick child.

A second principle of his life was prudence. He could forget as readily as any of us.

"Certainly, madam," he said, promptly. "What is the name?"

If he had expected hesitation on her part, he was disappointed. She had her answer commenced before he had quite finished his question.

But, if he had expected her to name her husband—if he had hoped to hear the name of one of the physicians whose mandate had made her an outcast from her home, he was disappointed again.

"Dr. Gerald Graeme," was what she said.

He asked her for the post-office address of the gentleman she had named. She gave it. He addressed, with rather too much care that it would be certain she saw all he did, a copy of his pamphlet to our friend, Mr. Graeme, at Dayber's Lane.

"It is time you went to your room, Mrs. Dayber," he said, kindly, when he had finished, and rose and held the door of the office open for her while she passed out.

He walked across the room, took down a book, a manuscript volume, turned to a certain page, glanced down it, read a couple of names, "Dr. Peter Pillah, Dr. Arnold Anson," aloud, read one or two others silently, smiled curiously, closed the volume, shook his head, went back to his desk again, took the book he had last addressed, tore off the wrapper, and rolling the latter into a shapeless wad, he threw it upon the fire!

I don't know what he would have done if there had been any such person as Dr. Gerald Graeme. I presume he would have sent the volume, just as his patient desired. I sincerely hope he would. But his manuscript volume contained a list of all the physicians in the State in which she had located Gerald Graeme's post-office—the State in which Dayber's Echo was located. And, as the book was frequently corrected, there was only one conclusion to be reached—there was no Dr. Gerald Graeme—for there had surely been none when she had been incarcerated in this asylum.

On the whole, I don't much wonder he burned the wrapper—and saved his book!

But alas! Alas for poor Mrs. Dayber! She stood outside the door, in the gathering gloom of twilight, and saw her cruel jailer do that wicked, wicked thing!

She almost fainted. She came so near it that the doctor's office, brightly seen through the glass door only a moment before, grew dark as night, and faded from her sight, while the walls seemed to reel and the floor to sway and swing. I think she would have fainted—if she could have afforded to; if she had been where she could have been willing to have been found unconscious. But here—not here. She could not be found watching the actions of this dread autocrat—this man whose wicked will was the only law known inside the walls of this dreary prison—this man, toward whom she had only the feelings of the wildest hate—and—and—

She came to herself with a sudden start! How long was it since she had regarded this man as kindly and good—her honest and well-meaning friend? Was it only a quarter of an hour ago?

The doctor had seated himself at his desk again. Once more he was busy. He wrote in his note-book: "She imagines the existence of persons who are entirely unreal; there is good reason for thinking she forgets those she should remember." Then he continued preparing more of his pamphlets for mailing. The woman, regarding whom he had had doubts, had done much to justify her presence under his roof, and to solve the problems she had presented to his mind. Undoubtedly that fact gave him a vague feeling of satisfaction—a feeling which he still felt in his busy work. But, for the time being, he had undoubtedly forgotten even the existence of Mrs. Nathan Dayber.

And still—the woman stood just outside his office-door, in the dim corridor, watching him!

He had spent the most of his life in the care of insane people. He had much of that contempt for danger which it is said familiarity breeds. But I think he would have been startled—even he—if he had glanced over his shoulder and seen the keen eyes which were watching him. I think he would have felt uneasy—even he—if he could have heard one attendant ask where Mrs. Dayber was, and have listened to another reply that he guessed she was in the doctor's office.

Do you think you know, kind reader, how long you could remain shut up in a mad-house, associating with lunatics constantly, called a lunatic yourself, believed by all about you—all capable of having a belief at all—to be mad—before it would be true? Do you know that it is an ordeal from which even the strongest of minds may well shrink back appalled? Do you know that earth has no situation of greater doubt or horror? no environment possessing more dreadful and sinister possibilities?

Some one has said that all men are more or less insane.

Another has said that the strongest mind is sometimes taken when off its guard; that the greatest intellect sometimes falters. Do you doubt it? Have you never felt impelled, for just a moment, to do something foolish or wicked—something which once done could never have been undone, and which you would never, never have done, no, nor imagined the possibility of doing, when quite fully yourself?

But, just as temptation is not crime, so is impulse not insanity. Just as the human soul must dread temptation, so must the human intellect dread improper impulse.

Mrs. Dayber was not insane. She was never insane, never for a single moment. But she came as near being, that night in the corridor, as she ever did—as near as sanity usually comes, and remains sanity. Reason reeled on her great, gray, convoluted throne. The gates leading to all the

horrors of mental and moral irresponsibility stood half-way open, for a little, and the woman who looked through them gloated over the prospect of the pleasure and vengeance she could find there.

She looked in at the hateful and hated doctor. He did not see her. He did not hear her. He was engrossed in his work. If she—she could only reach him—unseen; and she believed she could! And—if she only had some weapon—something worthy the name! And—and— But let her reach him once, let her but once stand beside him, unseen and unheard, and, God helping her, she would need no weapon! She would trust to her strong, white hands—her keen, white teeth—to be more than a match for him! She was going out—going out to freedom! And, for a few hurrying seconds, she thought of the knife and fire as the natural and legitimate keys to the doors which shut her in!

She laid her hand on the door—quickly—strongly—silently! Perhaps it is as well that asylums have spring-locks—that they open freely one way—and that only the keys of the attendants permit passage the other! Though, after all, when an attendant laid his hand on the lady's shoulder, a minute or two later, she went with him calmly, and without a word. And, when she said her prayers that night, she prayed for "her good friend, Dr. White."

No; Mrs. Nathan Dayber was not insane; she never was. After that night, she never faced so dread a mental crisis. She was not insane; but she did stand on the very brink of that awful chaos which is the heritage of lunacy—stood there with the soil of hope and sense and innocence falling away from beneath her feet! And it may be that only the locked door between her and her sudden desire held her to reason and reason's domination; I do not know. But I do know that she did not sleep that night—that she did not dare to sleep!

The next day Mrs. Nathan Dayber was in the doctor's office again. He sent for her to assist him in arranging some books. The truth was, he desired to study her.

He studied much—earnestly—long. Like the school-boy who attempts to solve his "sum" by the wrong rule, he couldn't get a satisfactory answer.

Only when it was time for her to return to her room did he see anything happen which in any wise repaid him for his watchfulness. And that was a little thing—such a very little thing; she but caught up one of the wrapped and stamped copies of his pamphlet, and concealed it hurriedly, when his back was turned and she thought he was not looking.

A little thing? Certainly. The doctor smiled quietly to himself. "Let her keep it," he said, to himself; "it can do her no harm." So he only wrote one word in his now rapidly growing account against her mental integrity. "*Kleptomania*," was the word he wrote. "A little thing; a very little thing," said he.

A little thing? A little thing, indeed? Where is the man who dares stand boldly up and deliberately assert that anything is unimportant or trivial? If Dr. White could have seen Mrs. Dayber hurry to her room, her face aglow with happiness and hope; if he could have seen how hurriedly she wrote the name and address of "Dr. Gerald Graeme" upon the precious parcel she had stolen; if he could have seen her raise her window, when it had grown dark—very dark—and hurl her bundle away into the night, through her prison-bars, as far as she could throw it; if he could have seen her kneel down at that window, through which she had cast her best and brightest hope, and pray that by means of it God might send her the help she so sorely needed; if he could have seen her fall into a troubled sleep there, at last, still on her knees, her white and tired face leaned against the harsh, cold, tear-stained iron, surely he would not have said, "A little thing."

A little thing? A little, desperate hope, given almost helplessly, but prayerfully, into the hands of an Omnipotent God! Not a little thing, Dr. White, when the great I Am has taken it into His special care!

The bundle lay where it had fallen, for some days. The winds swept over it. Tiny wild beasts looked askance at it. But it seemed charmed against injury. Storms did not come; winds did not destroy; Nature did not hide it.

A farmer's boy found it one morning. He glanced at it curiously. "A book the great doctor sent to some one," he said, decidedly, and turned to carry it to the man he supposed was its owner. Fortunately, the doctor was not in that morning, he having gone on business to the neighboring town; fortunately, no one knew when he would return; most fortunately of all, I presume, though I cannot be quite sure that the doctor would once more have thwarted such persistence as Mrs. Dayber had manifested, the lad failed to meet the doctor, and so mailed the book himself.

The parcel got on the wrong road. It came near being in a railroad wreck. It had numerous misadventures and narrow escapes. Had a man been subjected to all the perils through which it passed, the marvelous tale of his wonderful adventures would have been handed down to his children and children's children.

The parcel reached its destination. Gerald Graeme got it. And it seems—for you remember we have listened to some things he said regarding it—that the prefix he was working so hard to earn the right to use made no impression whatever on his troubled mind.

Graeme received the parcel, as Mrs. Dayber had prayed he might. But that was not enough. The plan of Almighty Power was not completely carried out. It was necessary, in order to call this man's attention strongly to the volume, that hate and malice and cowardice should try to do their wicked worst—and fail; fail—as they always must in the end.

Gerald's order for the second copy went to the



publishers, whose imprint was upon the cover and title-page. They had no copies in their possession. Every pamphlet they had printed had been sent directly to the author. They forwarded Gerald's letter, of course, and so it happened that it was Dr. White's own hand which wrote the address on the wrapper of the individual copy of the pamphlet that was destined to serve so well the interests of the higher half of the warring factions who are fighting so desperately for the possession of Dayber's Echo.

"Mr. Gerald Graeme," that was the order—though it was only the voice of Dr. White which gave extra emphasis to the man's title. "Gerald Graeme," no wonder Dr. White began to regard Mrs. Dayber with a new interest; no wonder he made up his mind that he should sometime have the pleasure of an interview with that man; no wonder he began to start, nervously, whenever the card of any stranger was brought him, long before it was possible for the book to have made its journey and for the man to retrace the track, thinking that this new-comer must be Gerald Graeme.

(To be continued.)

#### WASHINGTON REMINISCENCES.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, always sharing with the "glorious Fourth" of July the distinction of being chief among our national holidays, claims a somewhat special recognition in this present year of grace, which brings around the centennial anniversary of the first Presidential inauguration. Of the pictures which we publish on pages 25 and 32 as appropos of the occasion, the one showing Washington's head—quarters and couriers' tents, as preserved in the National Museum, recalls him as "first in war"; the other, engraved from the familiar painting at Mount Vernon, and referring to one of the visits of Lafayette to the lovely retirement of the home by the Potomac, may stand as typical of the happy period when he was "first in peace," as he is forever "first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen."

#### BEEF, AND THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS.

THE sketches grouped on page 33 illustrate in interesting detail the extent and methods, as regards the beef industry in particular, of what is undoubtedly the largest live-stock market in the world—the Union Stock-yards of Chicago. These yards, primarily the creation of the centring of the great Western railroads at Chicago, were established in 1865. Their growth has kept pace with the rapid development of the trade, until to-day they have a capacity for 20,000 cattle, 150,000 hogs, 10,000 sheep and 1,500 horses. The busy colony of packing-houses is located in this quarter of the city, together with a large number of commission firms, the whole forming one of the wonders of Chicago. The facilities for unloading, feeding and reshipping, or killing and dressing, the stock are novel, and are apparently unlimited. Each shipper or owner has a separate yard or pen for the safe-keeping, feeding, watering and general care of his stock; and over all the yards extend lines of elevated roadways, permitting the transfer of the animals to the packing-houses without disturbance of the surface ways. Mounted inspectors make regular rounds, ordering out the sick cattle. The killing for the "packing town" is done with neatness as well as dispatch; and the product is stowed away in refrigerator-cars with such celerity and in such quantities as cannot fail to impress the beholder with the formidability of the Chicago dressed-meat industry, against which cattlemen in Pennsylvania, Michigan and several other States are now endeavoring to combine to strike a legislative blow.

#### THE GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CENTENARY.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, in the District of Columbia, the oldest Roman Catholic institution of learning in this country, is engaged—February 20th to 22d, inclusive—in an impressive centenary celebration, the programme of which includes orations from Cardinal Gibbons and others, and other interesting exercises.

Georgetown College was founded in 1789 by the great Jesuit and first American Roman Catholic Bishop, Rev. John Carroll, who belonged to the famous Carroll family, with whose history the early history of Maryland is so closely interwoven. The original College Building, erected by Father Carroll, still stands in the centre of the south range of structures. It is the common, substantial brick house of those days, with ridge-pole roof and low eaves.

The first President of Georgetown College was Rev. Robert Plunkett, who entered upon his duties during October, 1791. The first name at the head of the long list of students of the institution is that of William Gaston, of New Berne, N. C., who entered November 4th of that year, and became the eminent jurist and statesman whose name has been handed down to posterity. In 1794 the increase in the number of students led the Faculty to commence the erection of the present north building. The course of study at first embraced English, Latin, Greek and mathematics. From the outset great attention was paid to the classics, and every effort was made to advance the students in this branch of their studies.

A memorable event of the first decade of the institution's history was the visit of Washington, in 1797. Tradition tells us that the general, wholly unattended, rode up to the entrance of the college grounds. He dismounted at the gate, hitched his horse to the fence and walked up to the door, where he was welcomed by one of the professors, Rev. William Matthews. The students assembled in the refectory, where Washington was received with a poetical address by Robert Walsh, then a lad of sixteen, who afterward became United States Consul at Paris. This visit of Washington to the college set a precedent that has been followed ever since, and from that time he and his successors, with but one exception—the second year of President Hayes's Administration—have never failed to be present at the annual Commencement of the college and award the diplomas and medals.

The college was chartered as a university on May 1st, 1815. In 1843 the astronomical observatory was established, the site being on a hill about 400 yards west of the College Building. Rev. James Curley, S. J., whose name is inseparably connected with the observatory, and who is still living at the venerable age of ninety-two years, was the professor in charge, and it was here that, before the foundation of the United States Naval Observ-

atory, he calculated from his own observations the meridian of Washington. Father Curley is still a member of the community at Georgetown. From time to time, as occasion has called for, the different buildings forming the imposing group on the eminence overlooking the Potomac have been erected. The finishing touches are now being put on a massive structure which is 312 feet in length and connects the two rows of buildings that formerly constituted the university. The library embraces over 30,000 volumes, among which are many old and curious books and many precious manuscripts.

Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., a native of Boston, and who formerly filled the Chair of Physics, is the present and twenty-sixth President of the university.

#### MRS. HARRISON'S GOOD TASTE.

AN Indianapolis correspondent of the New York Sun writes from the former city: "Mrs. Harrison has from the very start determined that she would keep her part of the Administration entirely free from politics. Her invariable reply to the hundreds who have written soliciting her influence for some appointment has been that she had nothing to do with politics or offices. So far as the social obligations imposed upon her by the official position of her husband are concerned, they will be scrupulously fulfilled without regard to personal feeling. If she has any personal likes or dislikes, they will be exercised outside of the range of her official social duties.

"It is the same with the wine question, the bustle question, and a score of other questions, upon one side or other of which Mrs. Harrison's influence is continually being sought. 'It was not I that the people elected President,' she put it once, 'but the general. I don't propose to set up at the White House as a dictator of manners or customs. If he wants wine on the table, or if it seems to be necessary for the fulfillment of my obligations to official guests, it shall be there. My personal feelings about it have nothing to do with the matter. And as to bustles, why, if some ladies want to wear them, they can do it, I'm sure, and if others don't want them, why, they needn't; it's none of my business either way.'

"The dancing question is another with which the women reformers have been trying to worry the wife of the President-elect, but she won't have anything to do with that either. Personally, she likes to dance, and she will dance whenever she feels like it. Other people, she says, are at liberty to dance or not, just as they please.

"One peculiar development of Mrs. Harrison's independence of character is a dislike to be copied after, or made to set a fashion in dress or manners in spite of herself. If she gets an idea that women are wearing their hair in a certain way or draping their skirts after a certain fashion just because she does it, she gets provoked, and changes the style of her hair or her skirts at once. There will be no fashions set from the White House while she is there. It is said that recently a hair-dressing establishment in the East sent two women here ostensibly to make money out of the rush of business at the time of the Governor's ball and other social affairs, but really to find out how Mrs. Harrison and the ladies of the Harrison family dressed their hair, so as to get up some new style to be called the 'A la Harrison.' They were baffled, because Mrs. Harrison didn't seem to have any particular style of dressing her hair, but put it up in different ways, as happened to strike her fancy, but never in a peculiar or original fashion."

#### WESTERN MILLIONAIRES.

A RESIDENT of St. Paul, in a recent interview with a reporter of the Philadelphia Times, spoke as follows of some Western millionaires: "Our new Senator, William D. Washburn, is worth over \$5,000,000. He owns the finest private residence in the far West. The grounds, tastefully arranged, cover just four solid squares in Minneapolis; the stately mansion is of marble and cost \$1,000,000. You ask me about our rich men. Well, we've got plenty of them—men whose fortunes seem to have grown in a single night. Ex-Senator Ramsey, well known in Philadelphia, and who married his wife in Harrisburg, is worth \$1,500,000, but he is not now very actively engaged in business. This list of some of our rich men will give you a good idea of our solid financial men, nine of whom aggregate \$35,000,000 in property, real and personal:

"J. J. Hill.....	\$10,000,000
A. B. Wilder.....	4,000,000
W. Dawson.....	4,000,000
W. R. Merriam.....	3,000,000
J. L. Merriam.....	3,000,000
D. C. Shepherd.....	3,000,000
Davidson estate.....	3,000,000
Kittson estate.....	3,000,000
Dennis Ryan.....	2,000,000
Total.....	\$35,000,000

"In 1880 there was a population of 80,000 in Minneapolis and St. Paul combined. Now in both there are 400,000 people, and very soon the two cities will come together under one municipal government and St. Paul will be the name of the business centre of the West."

#### THE POLICE OF RUSSIA.

Is a recent lecture in Boston, Mr. George Kennen referred as follows to the Russian police: "The police of Russia control, by means of passports, the movements of all the inhabitants of the Empire, keep thousands of 'suspects' constantly under control, and certify to the courts the liabilities of bankrupts. They conduct pawnbrokers' sales of unredeemed pledges, superintend the repairs of roads and bridges, collect statistics and enforce sanitary regulations, make searches in private houses, read the correspondence of 'suspects,' give certificates to identify pensioners, admonish church-members who neglect too long to partake of the holy communion, and enforce obedience to thousands of multifarious orders and regulations. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the peasant villages of Siberia, away from the centres of enlightenment and education, the police are the omnipresent and omnipotent regulators of everything—a sort of bureaucratic substitute for Divine Providence. The police of Russia are divided into four classes: The rural police, the common metropolitan police of the cities, the detective and secret police, and the *gendarmes*. The strongest class numerically is that of the rural police, who enforce the orders of the Government in the peasant villages. According to a recently published statement, there are in the forty-seven provinces of European Russia 269,000 towns and villages where intoxicating liquors are sold at

retail. If we suppose that for every such village there are two police officers, which, perhaps, is not an overestimate, we have an army of over 500,000 men in this one class, without including Siberia or any part of Asiatic Russia. The rural police are divided into *stans*, or stations. They wear a uniform, and are armed with a sabre and revolver. Their salaries are from \$75 to \$100 per year for a private and \$300 for the chief of a district. The natural result is that the rural police represent the worst elements of the whole population. A large proportion of them are ignorant and stupid. Those who have brains are generally dishonest, and use the orders of the Minister of the Interior in innumerable instances to extort money from the peasants."

The lecturer asserted that bribery was almost universal among the officials. An instance of this was as follows: In every village there was generally one Jewish capitalist. At a time when the peasants were about to float their wheat to market on barges, one of these capitalists proposed to the official that when the peasants applied to him for their passports to enable them to travel to the market, he should tell them that they had been sent to the department for renewal, or invent some other excuse to prevent the peasants from traveling. Then he (the capitalist) would buy their wheat at home for about half its value, and divide up the profits with him. To this the official agreed, and the scheme was carried out, with the result that the peasants became discouraged, and agriculture declined.

"Next to the rural police in numerical strength, and far above them in intellect and power," said the lecturer, "are the secret police of Russia, who are to be found everywhere throughout the immense Empire, and who are most numerous in the large cities. A great part of their work consists in maintaining supervision over persons who are suspected of sympathizing with the revolutionary movement. The number of persons under supervision when the last Czar came to the throne was officially reported to be 2,837 in European Russia, besides about 2,000 in Siberia, all of the latter political exiles. The number is probably much greater now. All these are under open surveillance; they know the police are watching them, and that their correspondence is under control."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE House of Representatives last week instructed its Committee of Conference upon the Springer Omnibus Bill to consent to the admission as States of the Territories of South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington without further action of Congress. New Mexico was eliminated from the Bill altogether. This practically settles the Territorial matter, as the Bill will now be agreed to in conference and adopted by both Houses.

THE scene of the famous French-Eversole feud in Knott County, Kentucky, has been transformed from one of terror to one of peace through the instrumentality of two evangelists, the Revs. Hyden and McClure. They are of the Methodist Church. Some weeks ago they went to the town of Hindman—the centre of the lawlessness—and invited the hostile families to a meeting. The male members went, armed to the teeth, of course. The evangelists pitched into them right and left, but finally settled down to pathos and touched the hearts of the leaders. As a consequence, the combatants have clasped hands across the bloody chasm, and peace reigns, at least for the time.

THE Mills Tariff Bill, with Senate amendments, was reported back to the House from the Committee on Ways and Means last week. The report raises the constitutional point that the Bill, as it came from the Senate, is a violation of the provisions of the Constitution allowing the House to originate revenue Bills. The return of the Bill to the Senate is therefore recommended. The Ways and Means subsequently reported a Bill, embracing the principal features of the Mills Bill, and reducing the revenue about \$70,000,000. Mr. Randall, from the Appropriations Committee, reported a Bill repealing the entire tobacco tax, and effecting a reduction in the revenue of \$22,000,000.

THE first Catholic pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, organized by Rev. Charles A. Vissani, will start from New York city, February 21st. On arriving on the other side of the Atlantic, the first section will visit Paris, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Assisi, Rome, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, Ismailia, Port Said, Jaffa, Haifa, Jerusalem, embarking for New York from Havre on May 7th. The second section will part from the first at Jerusalem for a tour through Palestine, and will travel through Egypt a few weeks later, embarking for home from Havre on May 21st. The third section will part from the second at Beyrout, and make an extended tour through Turkey, Greece and Italy, departing from Havre for home on the 4th of June.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 9TH.—In Millintown, Pa., the Rev. J. G. Anspach, the oldest preacher in the Lutheran denomination, aged 89 years; in Charlotte, N. C., Colonel Charles R. Jones, founder of the *Observer* of that city. February 10th.—In New York, Thomas M. Nichol, founder of the "Honest Money League" in Chicago, aged 44 years; in Hong Kong, China, Rear-admiral Ralph Chandler, U. S. N., aged 60 years. February 11th.—In Masspe, N. Y., John R. Maurice, the well-known philanthropist of Queens County, aged 76 years; in Monticello, Ill., the Rev. John Myers, a prominent Baptist minister and early settler; in New York, the Rev. Dr. Henry I. Schmidt, formerly a professor in Columbia College, aged 82 years; in Washington, D. C., Colonel Henry J. Hunt, U. S. A. (retired), Governor of the Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia, aged 69 years. February 12th.—In New York, Dr. John C. Dalton, President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, aged 64 years; in Deerfield, N. Y., Benjamin S. Bowman, an original abolitionist; in Brooklyn, N. Y., S. Lowell Elliot, a well-known scientist, aged 45 years; in New York, General Thomas M. Hite, aged 51 years. February 13th.—In New York, John Romer, of the Produce Exchange, aged 76 years; and Edward Willett, journalist. February 14th.—Henry Herman, a prominent dry-goods merchant; at Garard's Fort, Pa., General Joseph G. Garard, aged 75 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., the Rev. William P. Breed, D. D., aged 73 years. February 15th.—In New York, Professor Charles Carroll, of the University of New York, aged 67 years; in Cazenovia, N. Y., Hon. Sidney T. Fairchild, father of Secretary of Treasury Fairchild, aged 80 years; in Nashville, Tenn., Senior Bishop Holland N. McIntyre, of the M. E. Church, South, and President of Vanderbilt University, aged 64 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has received \$10,000 so far from "Robert Elsmere."

COMMODORE GEORGE E. BELKNAP, U. S. N., has been nominated as a Rear-admiral.

MR. PARNELL's health is said to be in a precarious condition, and his relatives entertain fears for his recovery.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR's widow is to receive a pension of \$500 from the British Government. She remains in Florida.

MR. PERRY BELMONT, the newly appointed Minister to Spain, presented his credentials to the Queen Regent last week.

THE comedians W. J. Florence and Joseph Jefferson have formed a business partnership, and will next season play together in old English comedies.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenberg is going into the Austrian Army, where he will be given command of a corps at the outset, and so, it is rumored, be a principal general in case of war.

GENERAL GILMAN MARSTON has been appointed United States Senator, by Governor Sawyer of New Hampshire, from March 4th until the Legislature in June provides for the next six-years term.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT no longer appears in society. As he wrote in a pathetic little note to a lady who had sent him an invitation: "I cannot come, because I carry upon me the weight of eighty-nine years."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has nominated Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, present Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to be United States Civil Service Commissioner, in place of Alfred P. Edgerton, removed.

THE venerable Hannibal Hamlin was a guest at a Lincoln birthday banquet in Chicago last week. The veteran, who was in active political life from 1835 to 1879, seems in excellent health, and carries himself well despite his weight of eighty years. He now wears an overcoat for the first time in his life.

In a recent conversation Mr. Blaine spoke with freedom about his acceptance of the position of Secretary of State in General Harrison's Cabinet, and said that President Harrison tendered him the position a very few days after the election, and did it in such a cordial way that he at once accepted it in the same spirit.

GENERAL BOULANGER will make an electoral tour through Corsica and Algeria in April. He will be accompanied by several members of the Chamber of Deputies. It is said that if General Boulanger obtains a divorce from his wife, he will shortly thereafter marry the divorced wife of Joseph D. Lucas, of St. Louis.

THE "Egyptian giant," Routh Goshan, who for many years was one of the chief features in Barnum's Museum, died last week at his home in New Jersey. He had for six months been suffering from dropsy, which so increased his previous enormous weight of over 600 pounds, that it required four men and a block and fall to move him in bed. It is claimed that he was about seventy years old.

A TELEGRAM from Tokio, Japan, announces the assassination there of Viscount Arinori Mori, Minister of Education. He was well known in this country, having been Minister from Japan at Washington about 1880. Count Mori was one of the most enlightened of Japanese statesmen. His death is considered a great loss to the Progressive party of Japan. He was stabbed on the 11th inst., the day of the promulgation of the new Constitution, the assassin being a religious fanatic.

REV. MR. SPURGEON, the London preacher, receives an average of 500 letters a day, and he employs three secretaries to answer the communications which come to him from all parts of the world. The enormous revenues of his church, or "Tabernacle," are entirely devoted to the various philanthropic movements in which the reverend gentleman is interested, as the ample income derived from his books and sermons is more than sufficient for the needs of himself and his family.

KHOULI KHAN, the Persian Minister at Washington, is particularly well-informed, and his special mission here is to develop the trade between Persia and this country. The Persian Government is very anxious to have Americans take hold of the railway development of Persia, and the Minister has issued a circular letter, saying that the concessions granted the Reuter Company have been canceled, and are open to Americans, who can get full and particular information by applying at the Persian Legation.

MAX MARETZKE, the famous old New York musician and operatic *impresario*, said in his speech at the testimonial benefit tendered him last week: "I have received a letter which demands an answer. It asked: 'How could you run opera for twenty-five years when men with more money and brains than you had to give up in two or three?' The answer is very simple. It was because they had more brains that they gave up sooner, and because they had money to save, which I hadn't."

A PARIS dispatch says that M. de Lesseps is "breaking up." Hitherto he has defied his years, but his old age has suddenly fallen upon him with the collapse of the Panama Canal scheme. His daily levees have ceased, and the family will not allow visitors to refer to the Panama Canal. It is reported that he is going to end his days at his villa at Ismailia. The last hopes of the supporters of the canal undertaking now rest upon the Credit Foncier scheme to create a company, after hearing the report of an Engineer Commission on the state of the works and the capital necessary to complete the canal. At any rate, the active career of M. de Lesseps is over.

MR. J. T. CHILD, Minister from this country to Siam, is credited with a good head for business. He was at home in Missouri on leave of absence when the Presidential election took place, and as soon as the result was announced he started back to his post at Bangkok, on the other side of the globe. The journey will occupy several months, and after he gets there it will be several months before knowledge of a change of administration will reach him officially. It will then require about three months for his resignation to reach Washington, and his successor, when appointed, will want to take some time for preparation before starting on his long journey to Bangkok; in the meanwhile Mr. Child will be performing the duties and drawing the salary of Minister.



## THE COREAN WOMEN IN WASHINGTON.

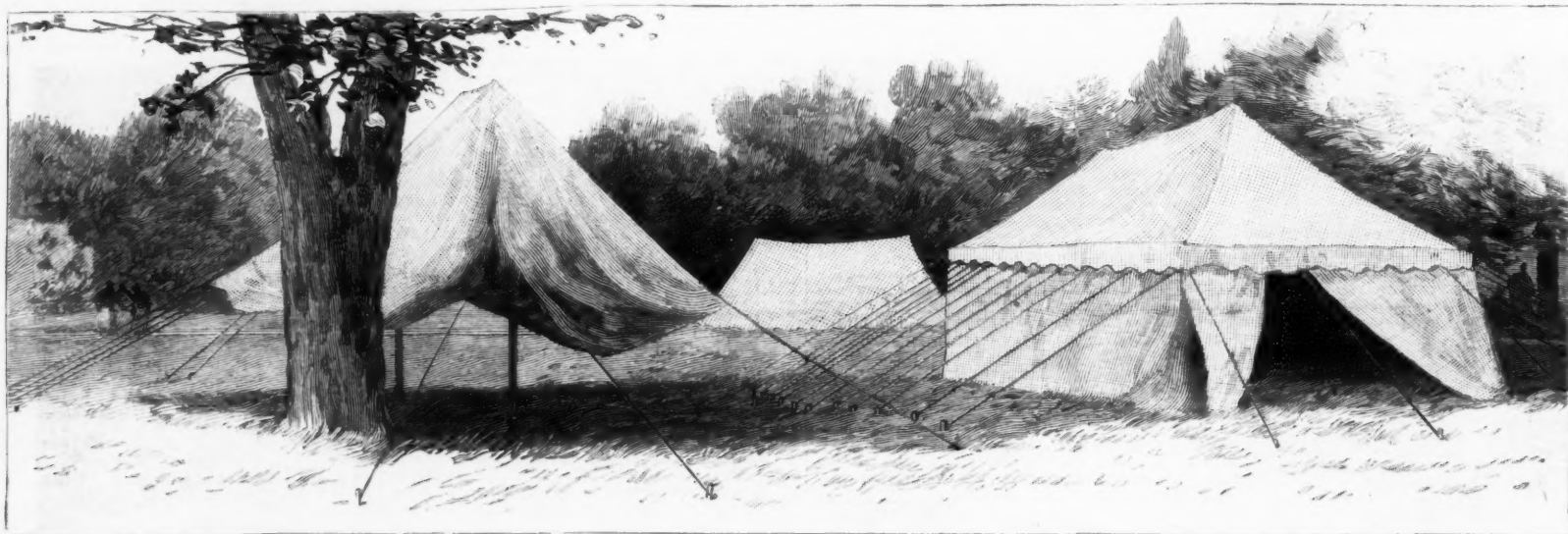
WE give on this page portraits of the wives of the two Korean Secretaries of the Korean Embassy at Washington. These ladies are said to be the first who have ever ventured abroad from the Hermit Kingdom, and they are naturally objects of interest whenever they emerge from the seclusion in which they live at the national capital. It is not supposed that they will go into society there, but that is a point not yet fully determined. Perhaps no stronger proof of the influence of Western ideas upon this insular people could be given than is afforded by the modification which has taken place in their rigid social laws as to the position of women.



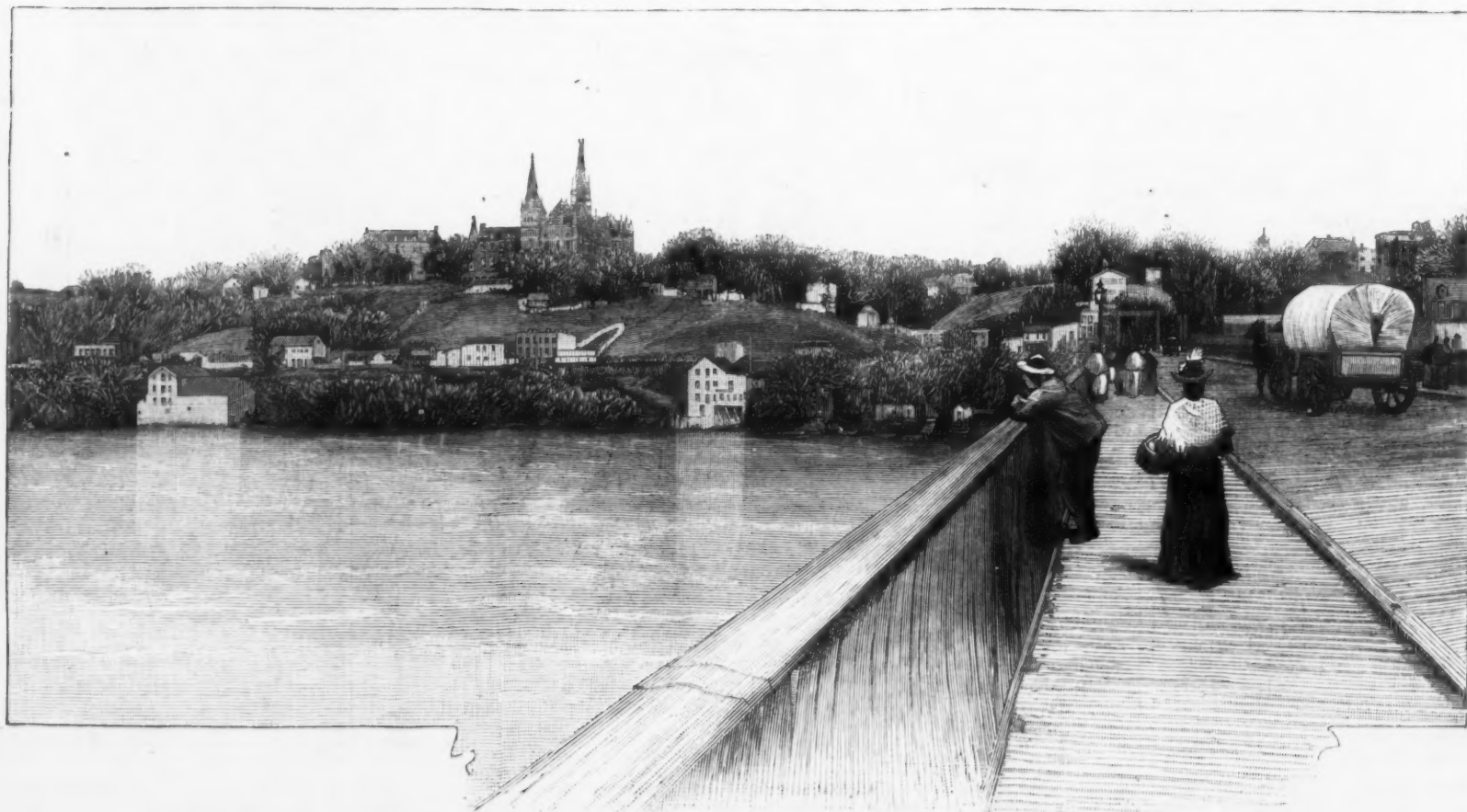
## WAR-VESSELS LAUNCHED LAST YEAR.

A CAREFUL estimate places the war-ships launched by the naval Powers of the world in 1888 at 60, while more than 100 were building when it closed. England led with 15 vessels launched and 28 building. France launched 9 and laid down 15; Russia launched 2 and began 10; Germany put 6 vessels into the water and ordered or laid down 4; Italy launched 10 and laid down 18; Austria launched no vessel, but laid down or ordered 3; Sweden laid down 1; Denmark launched 1 and laid down another; China added 4 vessels to her navy and ordered or laid down 4 more; Japan ordered 3 and launched 3; Chili ordered a new cruiser in England; and the Argentine Republic contracted for a 4,300-ton iron-clad; Brazil laid down a cruiser, and even Uruguay has contributed to the navies of the world, by launching a small iron gun-boat. The minor Powers, like Greece and Portugal, have either contracted for or launched small vessels. Turkey has begun the work of building up her navy, laying down an iron-clad and several smaller vessels; the United States launched 6 and laid down 6.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—WIVES OF THE TWO SECRETARIES OF THE COREAN LEGATION, IN NATIVE COSTUME, AND FIRST TO VISIT AMERICA OR ANY FOREIGN COUNTRY.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY M. P. RICE, WASHINGTON.

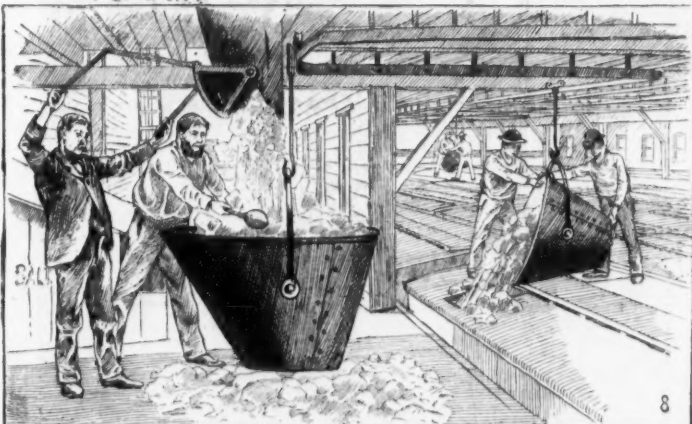
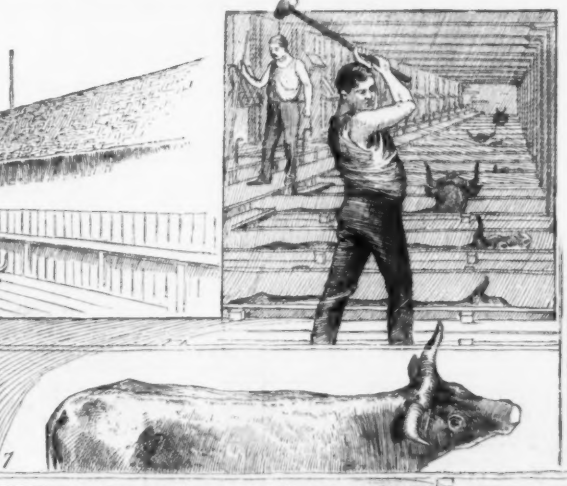
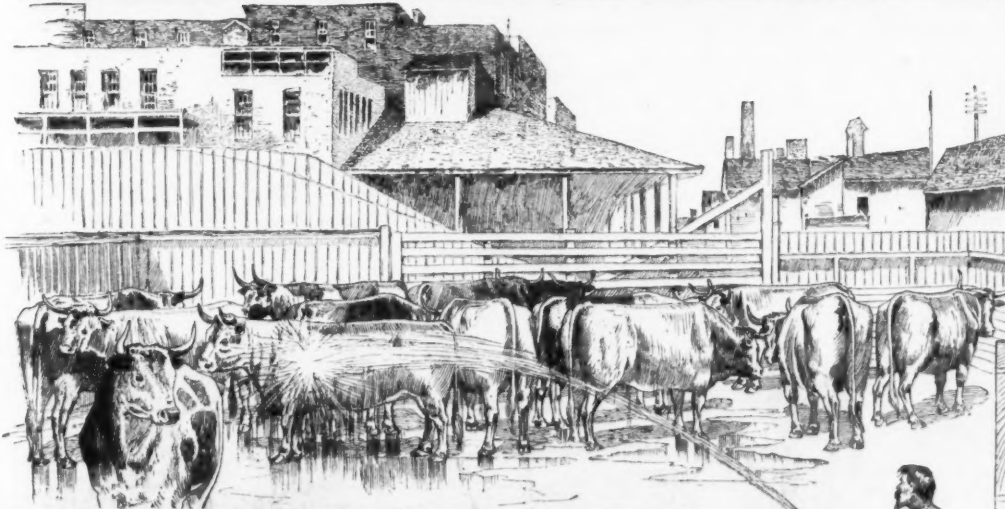
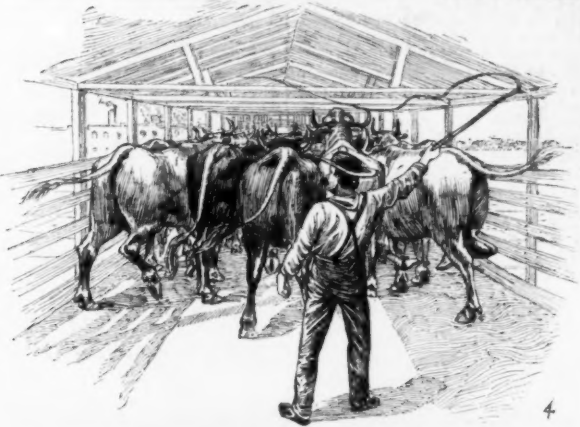
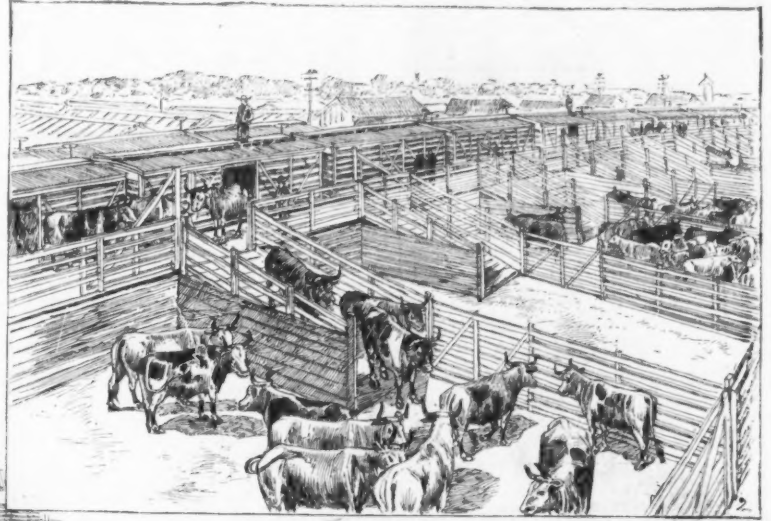


WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—THE HEAD-QUARTERS AND COURIERS' TENTS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, NOW AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.  
SEE PAGE 31.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, FEBRUARY 20TH—VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY FROM THE BRIDGE.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.—SEE PAGE 31.





1. THE ENTRANCE. 2. RECEIVING CATTLE AT THE YARDS. 3. INSPECTORS ORDERING THE REMOVAL OF SICK CATTLE. 4. IN THE ELEVATED ROADWAYS. 5. THE YARDS AND PACKING TOWN FROM THE WATER-TOWER. 6. WASHING CATTLE FOR KILLING. 7. KILLING. 8. ICING THE CARCASSES. 9. LOADING THE CARS.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY OF CHICAGO.—SCENES AT THE UNION STOCK-YARDS, THE LARGEST LIVE-STOCK MARKET IN THE WORLD.

SEE PAGE 31.



We have received, through the courtesy of Señor J. Pereira, M. Charles Wiener's elaborate work, "Chili et Chiliens," bearing the imprint of the Librairie Léopold Cerf, Paris. It is a profusely illustrated volume of 381 quarto pages, and its careful, scholarly text is divided into chapters treating respectively of Santiago, the capital city; public instruction, politics, literature, painting and sculpture, agriculture, the mineral wealth of the country, industry and commerce, the army and navy, the foreign population, national sports, interior exploration, and the mechanism of the political administration. The work, in short, is an exhaustive compendium of the most recent information concerning a most interesting country of our continent, about which the general reader knows too little.

## FUN.

"And how did Blifkins become insane?" "By absorption. He slept for three months beneath a crazy-quilt."

All our physicians recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for hoarseness and colds. 25c. Take no "just as good." Get the genuine SALVATION OIL. It kills pain. Price 25 cents.

## ANOTHER PLEASURE TOUR TO OLD POINT COMFORT

The series of pleasure tours to Old Point Comfort recently given by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company proved so successful, and the popular demand for another is so strong and wide-spread, that the company has arranged a fourth tour for Wednesday, February 20th. This date will afford those who take advantage of it the cream of the season at Old Point. For the conveyance of the party a special train will leave Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 9:00 A.M., and run through on fast time. The round-trip tickets, including one day's board at the Hygeia Hotel, valid for return trip for ten days, will be sold, going and returning direct, from New York at \$11, Philadelphia, \$9, or at \$2 more in each case if the return trip is made via Richmond and Washington, at both of which places a stop-off is permitted within the limit of return. Parties residing elsewhere desiring to join the tour may use a regular train on the morning of the excursion to Philadelphia, and there take the special. Parties from stations on the New York Division east of Trenton may use their tickets to Philadelphia on the day preceding date of tour.

## A CONVINCING SUCCESSION.

Time is valuable to us, and we conclude that, for your purposes, it is precious to you; so, apart from tedious prelude, which might distract your attention from some important subject-matter, we briefly call attention to the following convincing combination of evidence in regard to Compound Oxygen:

Under date of Dec. 1, 1887, Mr. N. G. Osteen, Proprietor of *Watchman and Southern*, S. C., writes: "I have used the Compound Oxygen home treatment from Drs. STARKEY & PALEN as a revitalizer, and have experienced marked benefit from it."

On March 18, 1888, Mr. Osteen, among other things, writes: "Your medicine is getting up a reputation in this vicinity from the good it has done Mr. Chas. L. Witherspoon."

Referring to our files, we find the following hearty testimony from the gentleman named by Mr. Osteen in the above extract:

"SUMTER S. C., March 24, 1888.

"Drs. STARKEY & PALEN: "For eight months I had been a sufferer from diarrhea and dysentery. I commenced the use of the Compound Oxygen, and experienced the happiest results."

"I honestly believe that had I not used it just then, I certainly would have died. Under God I owe my life to your treatment. I unhesitatingly recommend it to all who may be suffering in like manner with myself. Very gratefully,

"C. L. WITHERSPOON."

We publish a brochure regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge to any one addressing Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 331 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Most butchers, no matter how thin a beast may be, make both ends meet.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

## FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been used, with unfailing success, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Hoarseness, and other throat troubles. The late Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER says of them: "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of. I have also recommended them to friends, and they have proved extremely serviceable. I do not hesitate to say that your Troches are pre-eminently the best."—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

ADD 20 DROPS OF ANGSTURA BITTERS TO EVERY glass of impure water you drink.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER,  
12, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.



## MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

**Scott's EMULSION**  
OF Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES  
ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.  
So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.  
Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.  
ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

**DR. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER**  
Is the Very Best Remedy For a Cough  
I ever used.  
MRS. A. J. CHURCH, SHERBORN, MASS.  
Druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

**WILBUR'S BREAKFAST COCOA.**

## Penn Mutual Life.

The Forty-first Annual Statement of this Company is now in type. Get it. It is important to you if you are insured, if you are uninsured, if you favor life insurance, if you are averse to it, if you are indifferent. Get the statement.

## Penn Mutual Life.

Great progress in 1888. An income of over THREE AND A HALF MILLIONS. Total assets nearly FOURTEEN MILLIONS. A clear surplus of more than Two AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. A membership of over 26,000 persons. Nearly FIFTEEN MILLIONS of new business in 1888. \$68,000,000 insured.

## Penn Mutual Life.

It is a mutual company—the members, the policyholders, get large annual reductions from premiums. Over FOUR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS saved from interest earnings over and above cost of management.

## Penn Mutual Life.

Learn about non-forfeiture, extension and incontestability; about cash and loan values; about novel plans and features adapted to every need. Send to Home Office, 921 and 923 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Inquiry by letter or postal receives prompt attention.

## ARION SOCIETY. Grand Masquerade Ball, THURSDAY, FEB. 21, Metropolitan Opera House.

Tickets, admitting gentleman and lady, \$10. Extra lady's ticket, \$3.

Can be had at  
CONSTANTIN SCHMIDT, 31, 33 Broad St.; OGDEN & KATZENMAYER, 83 Liberty St.; F. J. KALDENBERG, 6 Astor Place and 371 Broadway; C. M. VOMBAUR, 99 Greene St.; SOHMER & CO., 149-155 East 14th St.; E. SCHUBERTH & CO., 23 Union Square; HANFT BROTHERS, 224 5th Ave.; WILLIAM STEINWAY, 109 East 14th St.; C. LUCIUS, 841 6th Ave.; ARION HALL, Park Ave. and 59th St.; WILHELM & GRAEF, 141 Broadway; F. A. ROCKAR, 129 East 125th St.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters, AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

## TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.  
E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

## MADE WITH BOILING WATER. EPPS'S COCOA MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

## Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

## THE CLYDE STEAMSHIP CO.

New York, Charleston and Florida Lines.

Steamers are appointed to sail from Pier 29, East River, N. Y., at 3 P. M., as follows:

For JACKSONVILLE, FLA., every TUESDAY direct; every FRIDAY, calling at Charleston, S. C.  
For CHARLESTON, S. C., every Tues. and Friday.  
For FERNANDINA, FLA., every Tuesday, calling at Charleston.

NORTH-BOUND steamers are appointed to sail as per schedule in local papers.

From JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Thurs. & Sundays.

From FERNANDINA, FLA., Sundays.

From CHARLESTON, S. C., Mon. Tues. & Fridays.

The fleet is composed of the following elegant steamers: IROQUOIS (new), CHEROKEE, SEMINOLE, YEMASSEE and DELAWARE.

This is the only line of steamers running through to JACKSONVILLE, FLA., without change.

For further information apply to W. M. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents, 35 Broadway, New York; 12 South Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa.

THEO. G. EGER, Traffic Manager, 35 B'dway, N. Y.

## Darlington, Runk &amp; Co.

Richest Fabrics & Highest Novelties

Silks, Velvets and Dress Goods

For the SPRING and SUMMER of 1889.

INDIA, CHINA AND JAPAN SILKS.

French Satens and Scotch Zephyrs.

EXCLUSIVE PATTERNS.

LYONS SILK GRENADINES.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.

Philadelphia

## IMPROVED OIL-LIGHT, MAGIC LANTERNS.

Also Lime and Electric Light Apparatus, and mechanical, plain and fine colored Views.

J. B. COLT & CO., Manufacturers, No. 16 Beekman Street New York.

## Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

## WEIS &amp; CO.,

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.  
Successors to C. Weis, Mfrs of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N. Y.  
Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver-m'd Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

## LADIES AND GENTS! One Pair Free!

One Pair of Elegant Satin Embossed Slippers, in seven shades and colors, FREE. Inclose 7 cts. postage, and I will send them by mail.

OHIO SLIPPER HOUSE, Richmond Centre, Ohio. Mention Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

## OPIUM

or Morphine Habit in every form can only be cured by the Dr. J. L. Stephens Remedy, which never fails, while no other treatment ever cures. We have painlessly cured more than 10,000 cases. NO PAY TILL CURED. Address THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., LEBANON, OHIO.

One-third natural size. **OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN**  
For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9x11 inches, contains three colored plates, and illustrations of all that is new, useful and rare in Vegetables, Flowers, Fruits and Plants, with plain directions "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson.  
This manual we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cts. (in stamps). To all so remitting 25 cts. for the manual, we will at the same time send free by mail, in addition, their choice of any one of the following Splendid Novelties, most of which are now offered for the first time, and the price of either of which is 25 cts.: One packet of Autumn King Cabbage, or one pkt. of Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bean (see illustration), or one pkt. Delmonico Musk Melon, or one pkt. Giant Pansy, or one pkt. Scarlet Triumph Aster, or one pkt. Sunflower "Silver and Gold," or one plant of the climber Blue Dawn Flower, or one plant of the White Moonflower, or one Bermuda Easter Lily, or one plant of either a Red, Yellow, White, or Pink Everblooming Rose—on the distinct understanding, however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.  
**PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.**



## "Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

### Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

### Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

**BARRY'S** ESTABLISHED 1801  
**Tricopherous**  
FOR THE HAIR



Used by the Earl and Countess of Limerick.  
Used by the Earl and Countess of Elgin.

It will force the hair to grow.  
It will fasten falling hairs.  
It will make the hair thick, strong and long.  
It will actually cure scurf and dandruff.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

**M. CRANE,**  
Electrotyper and Stereotyper,  
17, 19 and 21 COLLEGE PLACE, New York.

## Help Wanted.

We offer **GOOD PAY TO WOMEN** for special work up to **JULY** next. Besides good pay for work, **\$500** will be given as an performed, **\$500** EXTRA present to the agent doing the best work; \$400 to the second, and so on. Men, boys and girls can make hundreds of dollars between now and July 1889. This is a **SPECIAL** chance, and holds good only until July. Address

**CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.**  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### THE OKISCO COLLAR.



ENTIRELY NEW.  
Comfortable to Wear.  
Stylish in appearance.  
Its popularity assured.  
Ask your Dealer for it.

Originated and made exclusively by the  
**GALLUP NOVELTY WORKS, TROY, N. Y.**

### When you BUY A DOOR MAT

ASK FOR THE  
**"FLEXIBLE"**  
or the  
**NATIONAL AL' WIRE MAT**  
with Flattened Coils.

and take no other. They are the Strongest, most Durable, and ALWAYS CLEAN. They are reversible, and have ten times more scraping surface than any other. The **BEST AND CHEAPEST**. Sold by all Carpet and Hardware Dealers. Made only by **THE NATIONAL WIRE MAT CO., CHICAGO.** Send for Illustrated Price List.

**Will do it.** Our Beard Elixir will force a Beard in 30. Sample package, postpaid, 10c.; 2 for 20c.; one dozen, 50 cents. Agents wanted. **Howard Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.**

**OPIUM HABIT** Painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure, No Pay. **THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., La Fayette, Ind.**

**WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE.**  
**DR. HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT** positively cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER, KIDNEY and exhausting chronic diseases of both sexes. Contains 23 to 100 degrees of Electricity. GUARANTEED the latest improved, cheapest, scientific powerful, durable and effective **MEDICAL ELECTRIC BELT** in the WORLD. Electric Suspensories free with Male Belts. Avoid bogus companies with many aliases and worthless imitations. **ELECTRIC TRUSSES FOR RUPTURE.** \$2.00 each. Send stamp for illustrated pamphlet. **DR. W. J. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.**

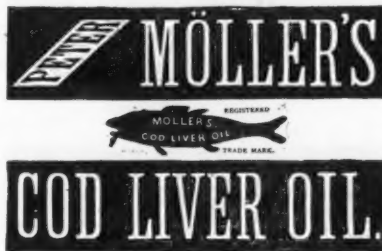
### JUST WHAT YOU REQUIRE!

#### DENTAL PENCIL

#### NEW TOILET ARTICLE

For removing all Tartar, Stains and Scurf from the Teeth, thus completely arresting the progress of decay. For whitening and polishing the Teeth it has no equal. Positive in effect, safe and convenient. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Agents wanted. Ladies and gentlemen, H. L. FESLER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 464 Broome Street, New York.

#### REASONS WHY



#### Should be preferred to all others:

Because—It is genuine-pure, just as it existed in the hepatic cells of the living fish, not depleted of its natural virtues by any process of refining, nor weakened by being made into an emulsion with an equal quantity of water, glycerine, etc., which latter device makes water bring the price of Oil.

Because—In taste and smell it is not offensive, but instead, sweet and agreeable.

Because—Its administration is always followed by satisfactory results.

Because—It is more easily assimilated than other Oils.

Because—It is more nutritious than other Oils.

Because—Of its perfect digestibility, perfect limpidity.

Because—This perfect Oil costs consumers no more than the poorer qualities abounding in the stores.

Because—It is readily obtainable; all well-stocked Drug Stores have it.

Because—It is unquestionably the purest and best **COD-LIVER OIL IN THE WORLD.**

**W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., New York.**

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Are superior to any ever invented. Also, all kinds of Piano Stools, Music Cabinets, Piano Covers and Seals. Popular prices. Catalogues on application. **F. NEPPERT, Manufacturer, 390 Canal St., near West B'way. Established 1848.**

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#### FREE

**\$85 Solid Gold Watch.** Sold for \$25 and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the **Solid Gold** watch and **Costly** samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from **\$1000 to \$5000** in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure **free** one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of **Costly** samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **George Stinson & Co., Box 196, Portland, Maine.**

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# Pianos **STECK** Pianos

Most reliable for Fine Tone, Finish, and Absolute Durability.

Warerooms: **STECK HALL, 11 E. 14th STREET, NEW YORK.**



### THE CRUSTY OLD MAN.

"I wonder Grimes has any friends,  
His manner grows so surly;  
No matter where we chance to meet,  
Or whether late or early,  
'Tis just the same; he cannot stay,  
And barely answers a 'good day.'"

Now this is a sad case of misconception. It is not Grimes' disposition which is at fault, but his liver. He can't appear jolly when he feels miserable. If he would take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great liver, stomach and bowel regulator, he would soon be the same happy fellow as of old—agreeable to himself and the world generally.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing and strengthening them and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. The only medicine of its class, **guaranteed** to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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**\$500 REWARD** offered by proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head. By druggists, 50 cents.

**BALL-POINTED PENS**

The Ball-Pointed Pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.

Price \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.

Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.

The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.

Price 5, 15 and 20 cents. Of all stationers.

**ORMISTON & GLASS EDINBURGH**





PREPARING FOR THE INAUGURATION RUSH.

HALL-BOY IN HOTEL (to Hoosier Guest)—"Here am de ice-cream, an' dar am yer room."  
GUEST—"W-w-what?"

## CURE OF LUMBAGO.

O. M. Weeks, Denver, Col., writes:

"For nearly six years I suffered greatly with what the doctors call lumbago. I was unable to walk in that interval more than a few steps at a time, or to rise from a chair after once sitting down, without assistance. A friend urged me to give ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS a trial. He obtained some for me and put them on my back. I felt easier with them on than anything I had ever tried, and continued their use for nearly three months, changing them every week, until I was absolutely cured—cured so that from that day to this I have been able to work."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER &amp; CO., Dorchester, Mass.

## LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars.



Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label. Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd., London.



For months I suffered from a very severe cold in head. Ely's Cream Balm has worked like magic in its cure after one week's use. I feel grateful for what it has done for me. Samuel J. Harris (Wholesale Grocer), 119 Front St., New York.

## Arnold, Constable & Co. FLANNELS.

Printed and Plain Flannels.  
FANCY STRIPED FLANNELS.  
Lawn Tennis Suitings.

NOVEL AND VARIED EFFECTS.

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1784. BARBOUR'S 1889.  
FLAX THREADS.

USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE

Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet Work.

Also for Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,  
New York, Boston, Philadelphia,  
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CURE for the DEAF by Fick's Pat. Improved CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Name this paper.

PRINT PRESS \$3. Circular size \$8. Newspaper size \$14. Type-setting easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

## HENRY-WARD-BEECHER'S PEAR'S SOAP.



Henry Ward Beecher.

OPINION OF  
"CLEANLINESS" is next to Godliness, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEAR'S soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES.

I AM WILLING TO STAND BY EVERY WORD IN FAVOR OF IT, I EVER UTTERED.

A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it.

PEAR'S TOILET PURPOSES. It is the best, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps for general use. It is not only the most attractive, but the purest and cleanest. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. But be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.



## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

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If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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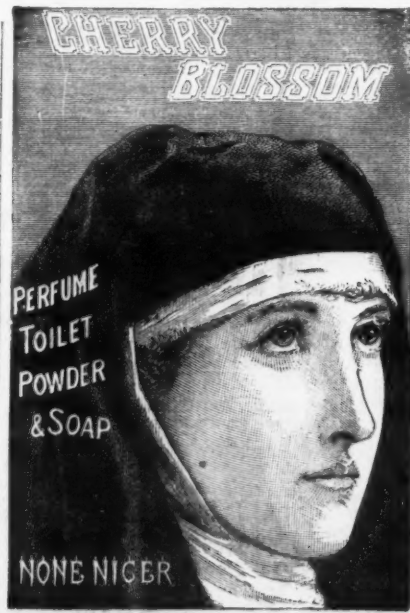
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